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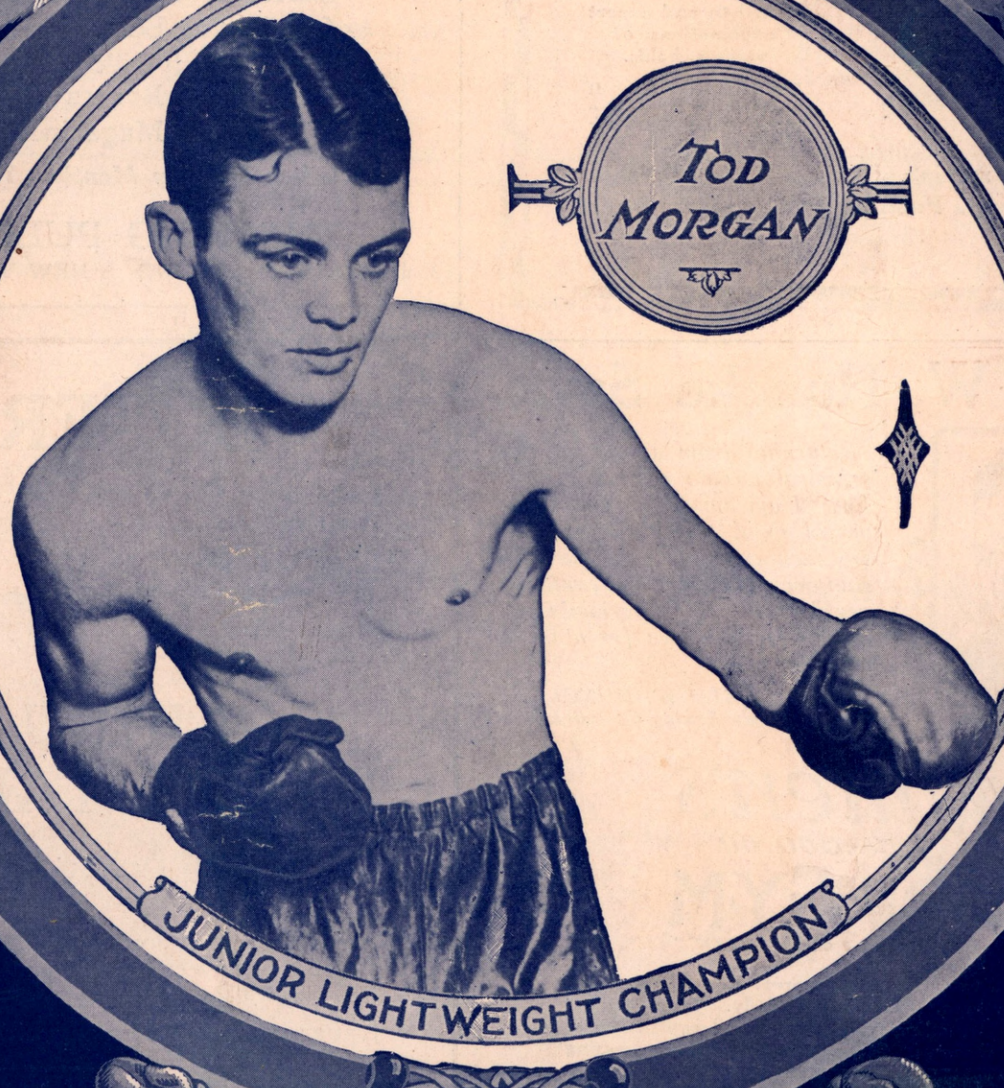

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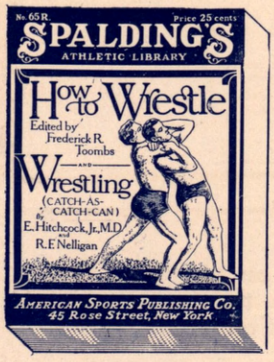

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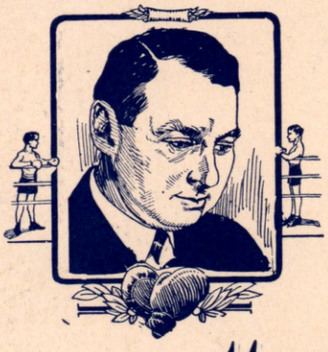

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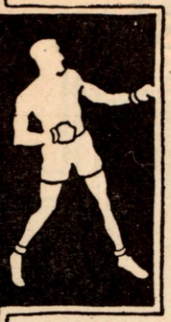

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The Passing of Jack Dempsey; or The Punch That Failed

By NAT FLEISCHER

(Publisher and Editor of THE RING)

THE Battle of the Sesqui is over. A new champion has been crowned. To those interested in the future of the ring game, what more could be satisfying than the outcome of the $2,000,000 contest in Philadelphia? A champion who refused to defend his title unless he received a most fabulous sum for his services, a champion who barred the negro Harry Wills, who from all appearances was the most logical contender, a champion who thought more of the movies than he did of his ring vocation, has been shorn of his crown, and now a young, handsome, intelligent fellow has supplanted Jack Dempsey among the hero worshippers.

Gene Tunney, the new titleholder, has an opportunity to make himself the most popular of modern ring idols. He has an opportunity to make for himself the greatest fortune that any athlete has ever accumulated through his athletic prowess. He has an opportunity to place boxing once again on the high pedestal it occupied a few years ago before the many court actions and bombastic charges of managers, fighters and promoters permeated the air. Gene Tunney, by his actions both in and out of the ring, by his strict adherence to the fair principles of the sportsmanship, by his defense of the title against all bonafide challengers, can lift boxing to a standard it never before has enjoyed. Will he do it? That remains to be seen.

Boxing belongs to all races, and if Gene is the champion we feel he is, we hope he will think twice before he permits race antagonism to be drawn again into the boxing game. Gene already has announced that he will not fight Harry Wills or any other negro. That is his privilege, although it was not the privilege of Jack Dempsey, because Jack already had fought a negro and the best of his sparring partners always have been negroes, while Tunney never has fought a colored man and has steadfastly refused to have a negro sparring partner in his camp. Yet for the good of boxing and the future of the sport, we hope Gene will change his mind, and if public clamor demands it as it did in the case of Wills and Dempsey, he will come forth and defend his crown against all comers.

* * *

Soldier Under Fire

TUNNEY, in the Battle of the Sesqui, showed the true calibre of a soldier under fire. He carried into the ring the tradition of the Marines of which he was a member during the world war. Instead of retreating before the champion, he carried the fighting to Dempsey whenever Jack had Gene cornered, and throughout the bout Tunney treated the champion as if he were receiving a lesson in boxing. Dempsey, famous for his ferocious attack, found his assaults welcome and repelled. Gene, ever popular because of his war record as compared to the charge of slackerism preferred against Dempsey, had 4,000,000 war veterans with him, men who hoped Tunney would win but who feared for the worst. But Tunney came through with the unexpected. He did to Dempsey just what it was supposed Dempsey would do to Gene, and with Tunney's victory, Jack Dempsey, ever a thorn in the side of service men, ever condemned by true sportsmen for sidetracking his most persistent challenger, ever despised for making a mockery out of a cherished championship—passes temporarily at least, into the background.

Dempsey went and never was he so popular as in the hour of his defeat. He fought like a true champion to the very end, he gave all he possessed in that Philadelphia battle, but the best he had and the best he gave were not sufficient to stave off defeat at the hands of a young, valiant warrior, a popular war hero, a fine looking, intelligent youth who perfected his ring knowledge during the armistice days on the battlefield of France.

The Tunney who beat Dempsey was in the prime of his life, a young man fired with the vim of youth, and the man he beat, likewise, also was in the prime of life and under ordinary conditions had at least four more years of fighting in his system. But no man can remain idle for three years, and hope to show the same fighting spirit, the same agility and punch he possessed on the day he gained the coveted crown.

Let Gene Tunney consider Jack Dempsey's fall ere he decides to do as Dempsey did—follow the movies and the vaudeville stage and neglect his vocation—boxing.

Dempsey was not the "mere shell of himself" that many boxing critics have called him. He was in splendid physical condition, trained to the minute, but the fire of three years ago was gone. Idleness caused Dempsey's downfall.

* * *

Punch That Failed

THE story of the downfall of Jack Dempsey is the story of "The Punch That Failed." Dempsey, hailed as the Superman of the Ring, went the way of all supermen. He joined the march of other ring champions who found the spirit there but the flesh weak.

From all outward appearances before the battle, during the weighing in, and during the interval between the semi-final and the appearance of the fighters in the ring for the start of the Battle of the Sesqui, Jack Dempsey looked every inch the giant killer who manhandled the tall Jess Willard, who pummeled into submission Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, George Carpentier and Luis Firpo, but before two minutes of the first round was over it was apparent to all within hailing distance of the ringside that the fire which kindled Jack Dempsey into action against his opponents of the past had flickered.

That Dempsey failed to deliver the goods as was expected by those who had followed him throughout his period of training was obvious. In picking Dempsey to win, we remarked: "If Jack Dempsey loses his crown, many a fistic expert will be compelled to hide his face in shame."

However, in the naming of a choice no consideration is given to the unexpected form reversal. A choice in boxing, like a selection in a horse race, should be based on the form of person or horse under consideration. And based on this, not by the widest stretch of imagination, taking into consideration the records of the contestants and their workouts in camp, could one have honestly picked Tunney as Dempsey's superior.

* * *

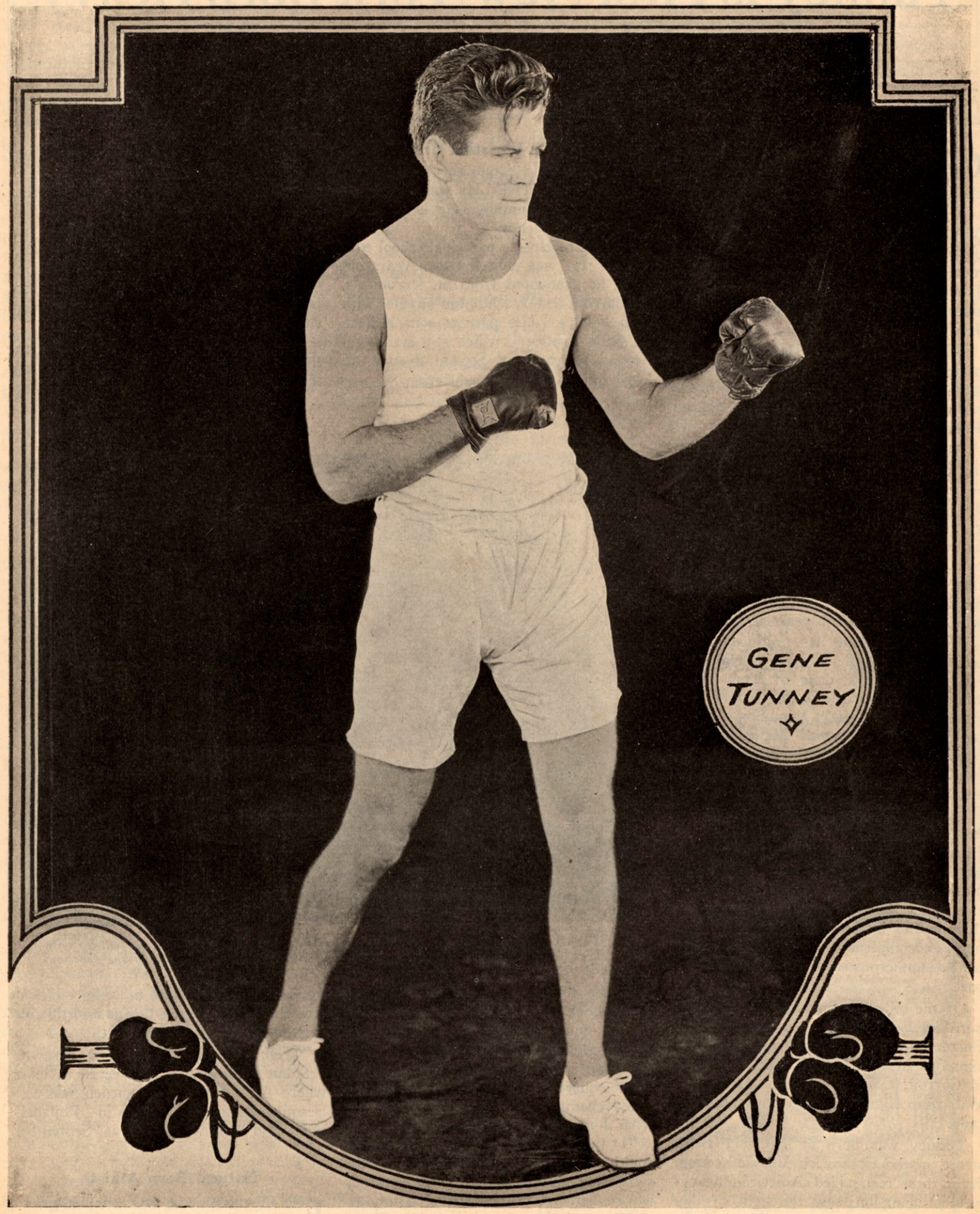
Gene Was the Master

BE that as it may, we must not detract from the wonderful fight Gene put up despite the poor showing of Dempsey. Gene went into the ring a 4 to 1 shot, but he made Dempsey look like a selling plater. From start to finish, with the exception of two rounds, Gene was master of the situation. In several rounds he made Dempsey look foolish. Dempsey seemed to have lost his punch, his superb defense of the past, his vicious attack and all that in his heydey made him the "man killer."

He was awkward, extremely slow in motion except in the two rounds in which Dempsey gained the verdict by a big

(*Continued on page* 11)

World's Heavyweight Champion



New York's War Hero who surprised the fistic experts by his clean-cut victory over Jack Dempsey. Tunney is willing to give the former title holder another match. Tunney is a cultured fellow and a very likeable chap. He should prove a credit to boxing.

Tunney Is First New York Born Heavyweight Champion Since Hyer

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

GENE TUNNEY, of the A. E. F. and Belleau Wood, heavyweight champion of the world!

Many years have passed since little old Manhattan has had one of its own native boys as the ruler of a division made famous by such illustrious predecessors as John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson and Jess Willard.

Father Knickerbocker is mighty proud of the twenty-eight-year-old lad who laid low the great Jack Dempsey before a record-breaking crowd in the Sesqui Philadelphia ring.

Although the claim that hero worshiping in New York is a nine-day wonder—for example, Trudy Ederle's marvelous Channel swim, which has been forgotten—it will take nine months or more before the six million inhabitants will get over the latest sport thrill. The fifty thousand New Yorkers who saw the former marine perform the Herculean feat will talk about it for years to come.

New York State has produced many world and American boxing champions, but not since the days of Tom Hyer, who reigned supreme in the early 40's as American heavyweight champion through his defeats of "Country" McCluskey and Yankee Sullivan, has the Empire State produced another titleholder in the heaviest division of pugilism.

Other than Hyer and Tunney, only one heavyweight of note, Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn, claimant of the crown in 1879, was born and reared in what is now New York. Other topnotchers were raised elsewhere, though they fought most of their battles in the Empire State. Tunney's accomplishment is a feat that baffled numerous New Yorkers of the past.

Of the other champions Joe Goss was born in England, John L. Sullivan in Boston, Corbett in San Francisco, Fitzsimmons in Cornwall, England; Jeffries in Carroll, Ohio; Johnson in Galveston, Willard in Kansas, and Dempsey in Colorado.

Tunney was born at No. 111 Bank street, in the Greenwich Village section. Hyer, first recognized American heavyweight champion, saw the light of day in the lower west side of New York, and not far from the Battery.

Tutored by Christian Brothers

DEMPSEY'S conqueror was born on May 25, 1898. He was christened James Joseph Tunney. He is of Irish-American extraction.

Tunney received a parochial school education. He was only fourteen years old when he graduated from St. Veronica's, on Barrow and Washington streets, with high honors. His parents sent him to La Salle Academy, which still stands on Second street, near Second avenue, to brush up on his early education.

face the world and fight for my daily bread.

"I remember distinctly the parting message my classmates received from our teacher on that eventful day. It has served me in good stead to this very day. It is something that all young, ambitious men should remember and put into practice, especially if misfortune and adversity overtake them.

" 'The whole world is full of roses, but they don't grow on Main street. Only the wealthy can have them on their table.

Gene Tunney has a good reason for the above smile. He is figuring what he will do with that check for $200,000. *Tex Rickard, left, and Billy Gibson are watching the reaction.*

"Some pretty tough citizens attended that school," said Gene, 'but the leather was taken out of them five minutes after they walked into their classrooms. No Christian brother ever aspired to honors in the squared circle, but each was undisputed champion of his class, if you get what I mean.

"I think the boss of my classroom could have licked Dempsey and me in the same ring and without any preparatory work whatever. When I received my diploma on commencement day at La Salle, I was ready mentally and physically to

Those not so fortunate must go out and pick them. There are thorns and thistles in every garden. Beware of them.'

"Well, I haven't picked many roses as yet, but I think I've discovered at least where they grow. My garden was the Sesquicentennial stadium in Philadelphia, and harvest time was September 22."

Natural Born Athlete

FROM the time he first attended grammar school until he joined the marines in 1918 he sallied forth to conquer

the world with his fists, Tunney was athletically inclined. While at St. Veronica's school he had played baseball and basketball, and when he attended La Salle Academy, jumped center on the varsity basketball team and later became a Marathon runner.

His first job was that of a stenographer for the Ocean Steamship Company, which paid him the munificient salary of $12 a week. At night he studied law at N. Y. U. It is not divulging any secret to state Gene's ambition in early life was either to become a lawyer or a priest. One of his three sisters is a nun. She is in a St. Louis convent. Frank (Doc) Bagley, one of Tunney's managers, had an interesting talk with her several years ago. She keeps a picture of her fighting brother on her desk. "I pray for Gene every time he fights," she told Bagley.

"She is one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen," remarked Bagley. "She has big, coal black eyes. She is beautiful. We talked for an hour or more but it seemed like five minutes."

Another of the champion's sisters is employed in the Board of Education. He has a brother on the police force. His father died four years ago.

Before he enlisted with the Devil Dogs, Gene had five fights under the management of Billy Jacobs. In the first scrap at the old Fairmount, Billy Gibson, who is now his manager, told Jacobs he wouldn't walk twenty-five feet "to see that bum." Tunney celebrated his debut in the modern art by knocking out his opponent in two rounds.

Won A. E. F. Laurels

AT the outbreak of the war Gene enlisted in the Marines, where he did his bit. After the armistice he won the A.E.F. light heavyweight championship by defeating Ted Jamieson in the final. Gene weighed only 166 pounds. A tremendous crowd sat in at the Cirque de Paris and saw the New Yorker trounce Jamieson. Jake Carey, athletic referee of the K. of C., raised Gene's hand in token of victory.

Six months after he was mustered out of the service, Billy Roche, famous referee of another era, took the young man in hand. The late Sammy Kelly, a great featherweight during the Horton law days, turned Gene over to Roche's tender care. His first fight after the war was with Dan O'Dowd in Jersey City. He received $100 for eight no-decision rounds.

In knocking out K. O. Sullivan in two rounds in a Newark ring Gene broke his right hand, which compelled him to lay off for seven months. Upon his return he knocked out Ole Anderson and Ray Smith.

He startled the world when he won the American light heavyweight championship from Battling Levinsky in 1922. Four months later Harry Greb relieved him of his title in a rough-and-tumble fight in the old Garden. Incidentally, this was the first and only scrap Tunney has ever lost. In their return battle Tunney regained his crown. Greb to this day will tell you that the man who gave him the worst licking of his career was Tunney.

Tunney claims the man who gave him his hardest fight was Bill Roberts of Staten Island. In 1924 Gene and Jack Renault were thrown out of a Philadelphia ring on the ground that they were not doing their level best.

Gibbons Victory Got Him Dempsey

GENE came into great prominence following his seven-round kayo over Erminio Spalla, Italian heavyweight, fifteen-round victory over Georges Carpentier and twelve-round knockout over Tom Gibbons. The victory over Gibbons paved the way to the Dempsey shot. Then he went West, where he laid low Bartley Madden in three heats. In two fights before he annihilated what remained of the once invincible Dempsey Gene whipped Johnny Risko and Dan O'Dowd.

All told, Gene has been fighting seven years. He has no marks, such as cauliflower ears, dented nose, puffed lips or lumps over his eyes, to show. He is a handsome young man and owns an even row of teeth, the envy of some of the male movie stars.

He has engaged in sixty-one contests, scoring thirty knockouts and fourteen decisions.

Tunney is a golfer of no mean ability. He believes golf is a splendid conditioner and while in training takes his round daily. He doesn't smoke, drink or chew tobacco. He is a model young man. His greatest diversion is reading books.

Speaking of the downfall of many boxers who had bright futures, Tunney said a few weeks ago:

"You can't be a good fighter and train on wine, women and song. You can't go cabareting daily and climb to the top. One must have plenty of sleep, without which the system cannot function properly.

"Boxing requires all the stamina, courage and resourcefulness one possesses, and night life removes all this. Condition should be the only master a boxer should have, and if he keeps up to the mark as I have a championship may be his reward."

Jake Kilrain, who was whipped by John L. Sullivan in their memorable 75 round battle at Richbourg, Miss., in 1889, was a New York State citizen. He was born in Greenpoint in 1859, but that spot in those days was a little country village that was not even a part of Brooklyn, let alone populous New York City.

John Flood, another heavyweight who performed in the days of the great John L., and was stopped by him in their famous bareknuckle battle on a barge near Yonkers in 1881, was a resident of New York City, but he was an adopted son. He was born in Ireland, came here with his parents and after his fighting career ended, became a high official in the Police Department.

John Morrisey, who after his fighting days were over became famous as a member of Congress, made New York his home. He was born in Ireland.

Then we have John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, who became world famous through his championship bout with Tom Sayers in England in which Heenan whipped Sayers but failed to get either the title or the belt offered for the contest.

Heenan was a bona-fide member of the New York State citizenry. He was born in Troy and made that city famous through his ability in the fighting game. After retiring from the ring Heenan raced trotting champions against Commodore Vanderbilt and others of the aristocracy in the late '60's.

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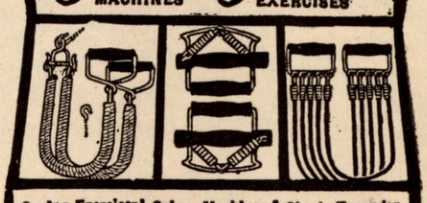

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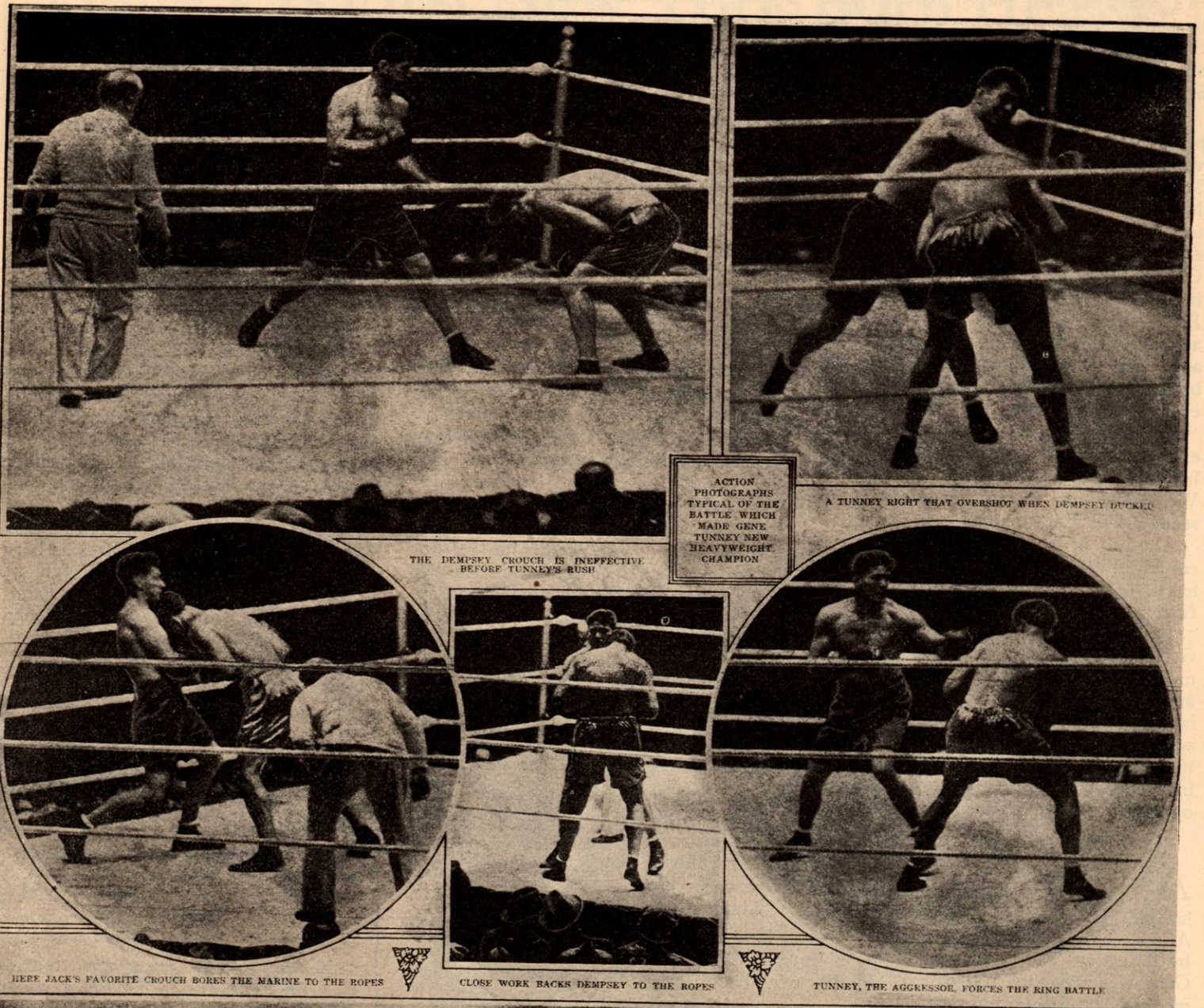


ACTION PHOTOGRAPHS TYPICAL OF THE BATTLE WHICH MADE GENE TUNNEY NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

THE DEMPSEY CROUCH IS INEFFECTIVE BEFORE TUNNEY'S RUSH

A TUNNEY RIGHT THAT OVERSHOT WHEN DEMPSEY DUCKED

HERE JACK'S FAVORITE CROUCH BORES THE MARINE TO THE ROPES

CLOSE WORK BACKS DEMPSEY TO THE ROPES

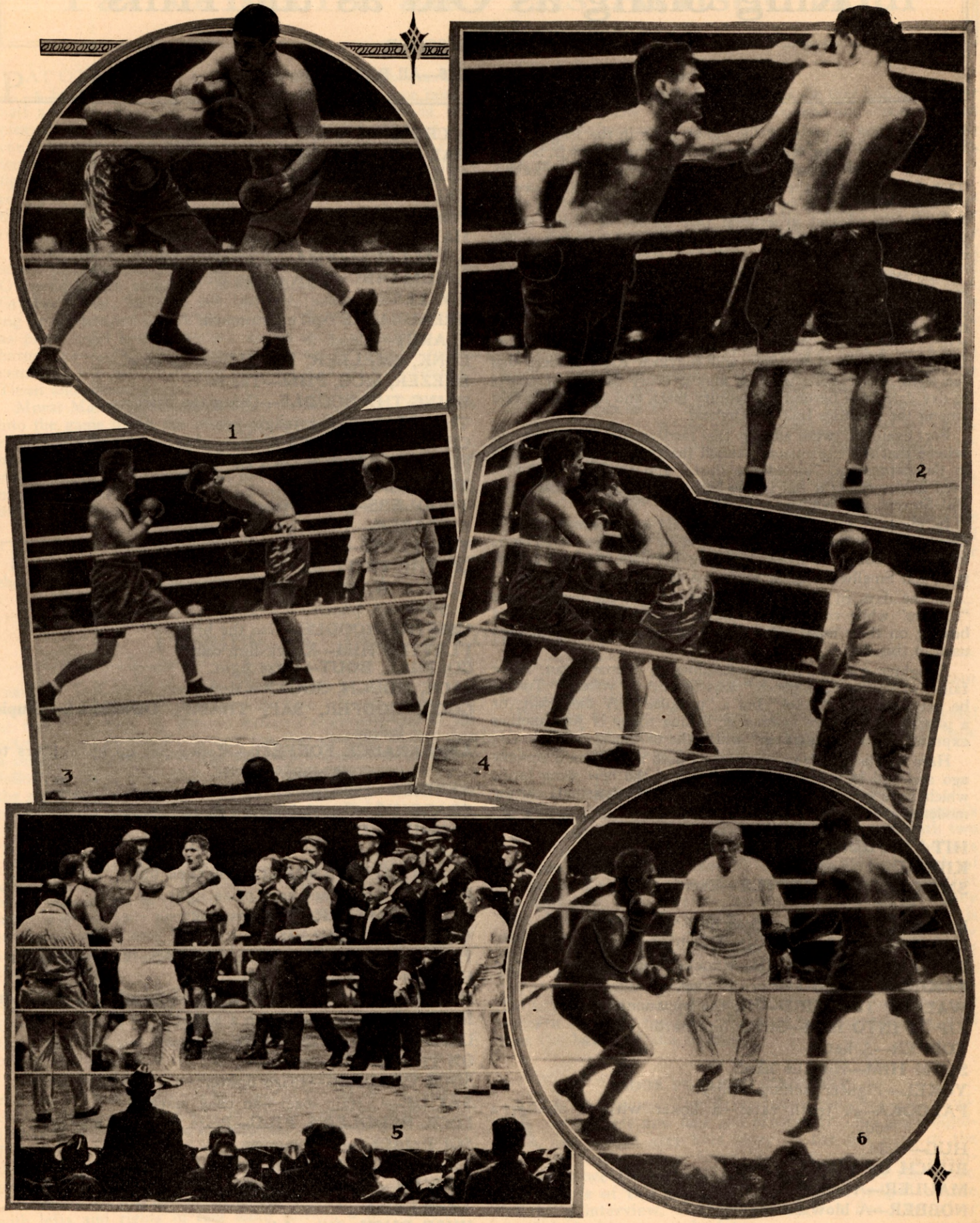
TUNNEY, THE AGGRESSOR, FORCES THE RING BATTLE

TREMENDOUS CROWD FILLING THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL STADIUM AT PHILADELPHIA AS THE "BATTLE OF A CENTURY AND A HALF" STARTS

That Jack Dempsey who defended his title on September 23 and lost his crown to Tunney, was not the Dempsey of old, is obvious from the above photos. His rushing, fierce attack of the Firpo, Willard and Carpentier bouts is entirely missing. In none of the above is he ***shown as the aggressor.***

—New York Evening Post Photos.

When Tunney Beat Dempsey for Title



1—Gene hitting Jack a glancing blow in the second round. 2—Tunney backing Jack into a corner and about to land a long right. This was in the seventh round. 3—Dempsey (right) crouched and with his feet flat on the floor trying to get under Tunney's defense. This was in the seventh round. 4—Dempsey (right) trying to get through Tunney's defense. This was in the fourth round. 5—Dempsey's back is to the camera and he is being supported by his second and manager. Tunney is facing the camera and his face tells the story. A truly remarkable picture. 6—Jack (right) shows a flash of his old fighting form in this round when he sent Gene clutching to the ropes in the furious fifth.

Ring Slang as Old as the Hills

By NAT FLEISCHER

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RING slang is probably the oldest slang in the English language. All slang terms not strictly technical, that is, belonging to a distinct sport as baseball, golf, tennis, and football, trace their origin to the prize ring. Historic ring data proves the above assertion to be correct, for there is scarcely a slang word in the present generation that cannot be found somewhere in the descriptions of fights dating back a century or more.

This statement may surprise those who think that slang in sports has had its origin in this country with the introduction of boxing and baseball, but a peep through John Bee's "Sportsman's Slang," printed in 1825; Pierce Egan's Mirror of Life, Bell's Life, or the Sportsman's Dictionary and Gentlemen's Companion, printed in 1785, will convince RING readers that the slang expressions used in almost every branch of sports to-day date back beyond the century mark and had their origin among the sporting folk of England.

For example, who among the modern fight fans would believe that the expression, "kissed the canvas," had its origin in the expression, "kissed the dust," and that this was first used in describing a fall in the battle between Jack Slack and Bill Stevens, the Nailer, in 1760?

In the bout between Tom Smallwood and Richard Harris, which lasted an hour and was fought in 1741, we find Harris using his "bunch of fives," meaning his fists, to good advantage, and Smallwood being as "game as a pebble."

In the days of Gentleman Jackson, 1790, the gentry wore "toppers" while viewing the combat, and the "dudes" wagered heavily on their man. Both of these quoted expressions are used to this day.

A fighter a century ago, according to Pierce Egan, if he failed to "deliver the goods," was termed a "yokel." To-day he not alone is a "yokel," but a "palooka." A shellacking or a pasting or a severe beating or licking today is just another expression for a "snoozing," which the oldtimers got.

Here is a list of slang expressions used more than a century ago and still in use to-day, and some of the new slang terms which have found their way into the field of fistiana during modern times:

HIT THE DUST—Floored or thrown.
KIDDED—Fooled.
SMOKING UP A BATTLE—Exciting public interest in a bout.
KNOCKED COLD—Knocked out.
KNOCKED SILLY—Punished badly.
DEAD AS A DOORNAIL—Knocked out—unable to arise.
TAKING THE NOD—Unconscious.
WALLOP THE BIRD—Hit the opponent.
ZIP IT INTO HIM—Strike him hard.
TOPPER—A hat.
SLAM HIM—Hit him hard.
YOKEL—Fighter lacking ability.
PALOOKA—A tenth rater—a boxer without ability—a 'nobody.'
HUG—Hold.
BUNCH OF FIVES—Fists.
MAULER—A hand.
NOBBER—A blow on the head.
GUY—A fellow.
DUMB DORA—A stupid fellow.
A CROSS—A fake.
HAS NO GUTS—Faint hearted.
CLEANED OUT BROKE—Without funds.
YELLOW—Faint hearted.
WILD CHOPPER—A wild blow.
HAYMAKER—A knockout punch.
A LALLAPALOOZA—A crashing punch.
A HUM-DINGER—A telling blow.
SWELLS—Dudes.
BREADBASKET—The stomach.
CLARET—Blood.
CONK, SMELLER, NOZZLE—The nose.
BEEZER, MUG, PHIZ—The face.
USING THE NOODLE—Using the brains.
THE BEAKS—The judges.
CHOPPING BLOCK—An easy mark to hit.
FULL OF PEPPER OR PEP—Full of action.
THE LUG—The heart.
TODDLERS—Pedestrians.
A TEAZER—A light punch.
THE FLATS—The suckers.
ON THE FRITZ OR ON THE BUM—Very poor.
LIKE A WASHER WOMAN—Slow.
A SOCK—A punch.
USE THE NOODLE—Use the brains.
FLATTEN HIM—Knock him out.
GO, MILL, BOUT—Prize fight.
JACK, DOUGH, SUGAR—Money.
GOOF, GOOFER, SAP, TRAMP, DUMBELL—Stupid fellow.
APPEARANCE FORFEIT—Money put up by fighters to guarantee appearance.
BERRIES—Dollars.
CRABBING—Complaining.
CANNING—Discharging.
EGG—Fellow.
FLATTENED PANCAKE—Knocked out.
FRAME—One round in a prize fight.
GIVING THE AIR—Throwing out.
GORILLA—Rough neck.
HIT THE MAT, KISS THE CANVAS—Knocked down.
HICK—Low brow, ignorant.
HORIZONTAL FIGHTER—One frequently knocked out.
IN THE KNOW—Let in on a secret.
LAMPING—Looking.
ON THE ROCKS—Stranded.
SOCK PEDDLER—Prize fighter.
SET UP—Certain loser—an easy mark.
SOCK PEDDLER'S PILO—Prize fighter's manager.
SOFT JACK—Easy money.
STALL—Wait, kill time.
SUCKER—One easily taken in.
TRIM—Beat.
WISE DUCK—Wise fellow.
LAID OUT STIFF—Knocked unconscious.

Pat O'Keeffe and His Artistic Soul

PAT O'KEEFFE, of Ireland, and Canning Tahn, was quite a fighter. Not quite a champion, though he came near it, half a dozen times, but still a fighter, grim and strong, who pleased the crowds, never gave worry to his manager, and could be counted on to win or draw eight times out of every ten he started. He had won many mills in Ireland, lots of fights in England, visited the United States with tolerable success, and might have done still better if he hadn't run against the iron fists of Billy Papke at the time when William was a real topnotch scrapper.

Fierce and valiant though O'Keeffe surely was, he had his softer side, and one of his hobbies was a passion for art. Pat O'Keeffe would stand for hours before an old master or a Grecian statue; he could talk learnedly and capably on painting or on sculpture, and his reverence for artistic things was as pronounced a characteristic as his love for fighting. No harm done—surely Pat's artistic taste could not dent his rugged manhood, nor did his boxing interfere with his admiration of Titian and Verestchagin.

Murat Marcel Dubonneaux was a French fighter. He broke into the game under the tuition of Frank Erne, and soon became something of a miller. Many knockouts were credited to Murat Marcel Dubonneaux, and he became an idol of his countrymen. A dainty fellow, too, was Murat Marcel Dubonneaux—a ladies' man, and a follower of Paris fashions, all of which did not keep him from doing nobly in the ring.

THEY matched Pat O'Keeffe and Murat Marcel Dubonneaux—matched them at catchweight, and neither saw the other till they stepped into opposite corners of the ring in a big Parisian arena.

Pat O'Keeffe entered clad in a bathrobe that had seen better days—much better. He shed the bathrobe and stood revealed in a dirty sweater and pants with fringe on the bottoms. Shedding his apparel, he stood forth, a brawny marvel of a man, in torn fighting shoes and green trunks with many patches.

ACROSS the ring, Murat Marcel Dubonneaux laid aside a flowered kimono, and an attendant brushed back his wavy hair. He took a powder puff from another second, and daintily dusted his neck and forehead. His silken shirt came off; he removed his creased trousers, and appeared in a pair of trunks of costliest material, edged with gold lace and gorgeously embroidered. His stockings were gartered with pink ribbons, and his new shoes were snow white, tied with crimson bows.

Pat O'Keeffe took one look at this thing of beauty, and gasped loudly. He looked again, and shook his head. Then Pat O'Keeffe, the rough and furious fighter, rose from his chair, parted the ropes of the ring, and started to crawl between them.

"Hey, hey, Pat! Where are you going?" queried his astonished seconds. "Back to me hotel. No fight to-night," responded O'Keeffe.

"Why! Great guns, man, you ain't quitting? You ain't afraid of that Frenchman, are you?"

"No, not that," responded Pat O'Keeffe. "But I have the soul of an artist, gorblimey, an' never, never, shall I be induced to lay the hand av damage on such a pretty picture as that over yonder!"

Passing of Jack Dempsey

(*Continued from page* 4)

margin. Jack could not follow through as he did in his now famous battles with Carpentier and Firpo. He was aggressive at times; in fact, he showed extreme aggressiveness at the start of four of the ten rounds, but that died out in less than a minute of fighting. It was this which astounded his ardent followers, those who had wagered heavily on him, banking on the condition he had shown in his training camp stunts, where outwardly he appeared to be the Dempsey of old.

* * *

LOOKED LIKE NOVICE

JACK, a pretty clever boxer himself, was made to look like a novice by the new titleholder. Gene tied him into knots every time he got in close and Dempsey attempted to hammer away with his body punches, and when it came to landing the haymaker, every time Dempsey let loose a wild swing it either landed in space or just grazed Gene. This was cleverness to the nth degree.

As Bill Brady, former manager of Jim Corbett, remarked during the fight, "That Tunney boy reminds me very much of Corbett when he fought John L. Its' a duplicate of that fight. Gene will win and win by a big margin." And Bill Brady's predictions came true.

Tunney showed an equipment of everything a real fighter requires to place him on the top rung of the ladder. He showed confidence, cleverness, ability to take the heaviest wallops that Dempsey landed, and had a snappy left that kept Jack worried. Had the bout been staged in New York and had the same conditions prevailed as in the Sesqui arena, Dempsey would probably not have weathered the storm.

With his left eye completely closed and Gene showering him with lefts and rights in that tenth session, a new champion would have been crowned in New York, not by the decision route—the first of its kind in the heavyweight division—but by the punch soporific.

We take our hat off to Gene Tunney, New York's pride! He fooled not only the writer but thousands of other fistic followers. More power to him!

* * *

RETURN BOUT SHOULD BE STAGED

WE disagree with those who sing Jack Dempsey's swan song. Dempsey is in his prime, and with two or three good battles to tune him up, may be in a position to regain his crown. Jack should not think of retiring. He should prove to his army of worshippers that the Dempsey who lost to Tunney was not the Dempsey who beat Firpo, Carpentier and Willard. Dempsey is deserving of a return contest and THE RING stands ready to put a $2,500 diamond studded belt for such contest if the bout is staged in New York.

To those who spread the report that the Dempsey-Tunney fight was a fake, we have nothing but pity and concern for their families. No bout was more on the level that the battle of the Sesqui.

* * *

ADDS PRESTIGE TO SPORT

AS for Tunney, THE RING wishes him, long life, happiness in his new role and prosperity. No more dignified person ever held sway on the top rung of the pugilistic ladder and in Gene, the fight game has a champion who we feel certain will add prestige to the sport. The calibre of this splendid fellow can be judged by the following interview, Tunney's first, given five days after the fight had been won by Gene.

Grudge Fights and Brother Acts

By JACK KOFOED

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WHEN a promoter decides to jazz up his publicity, and arouse added interest in a show, he usually advertises a "grudge" fight. It is good advertising, but it usually isn't true. There are really few grudges among the warriors of the leather mitts. They may batter one another's heads off, but when the last bell sounds they are friendly again.

There are few instances of feeling such as was displayed between Jim Corbett and Joe Choynski years ago, when they fought in bitter animosity. On one occasion they went together to a lonely beach, and mixed it with only the gulls and one astonished old gentleman as a spectator—a fight that would be worth $200,000 in these days.

When boxers meet very often these days it can be registered politely as a "brother act." Jack Britton and Ted Kid Lewis put their display on such a scientific basis that they were able to box no less than seventeen times for a total of 190 rounds before the public tired of the stunt.

They did not fake their bouts. They simply realized that they were evenly matched, and did not attempt to beat each other up badly. It was good business.

There were occasions when they forgot this business angle, such as when Jack stopped Ted for the welterweight title. As a matter of fact, Britton had a slight edge on Lewis, knocking him out once and winning four decisions, while the Englishman took the duke twice. The others were draws and no-decisions.

THE real conservers of energy were the colored heavyweights. They had to be, or their meals would have been few and far between. Langford, Jeannette, Wills—all were so formidable that the good white fighters wanted none of their game. Neither did their colored brethren, for that matter, unless they were promised that the wallops would not be too hard. Of them all, Sam Langford got the most out of his opponents.

In his day the Tar Baby was one of the greatest, and in all fistic history there have been few who were able to punch as hard. He hung on until he was nearly blind, and only a shadow of the once marvellous fighter he was. Sam met Harry Wills, who was about a foot taller, no less than fourteen times. He met Sam McVey and Joe Jeannette each on thirteen occasions and took on the white slugger, Jim Barry, ten times.

With those other fellows he was fighting men approximately in his own class. Barry was just a hulking second rater, and Langford had scant respect for him. So, he stopped James five times just to show him how little he cared.

Jeannette's pet victim was Black Bill, who he laid on the canvas five times in seven bouts. Wills toyed quite often with Jack Thompson and the Joplin Ghost, Jeff Clarke. They flopped frequently, but were good for the tank towns, where the fans wanted to see Wills in action.

OF the little men Johnny Dundee was the star rival-saver. He boxed Willie Jackson in ten different rings. The first time Willie hung a crushing right hander on John's jaw and laid him out as cold as a mackerel in the opening round. Dundee never had any success in winning decisions over Jackson after that. They fought four draws, and four no-decisions, and Will took one verdict. However, the Scotch-Wop is still doing business, and Jackson has been out of the game for a long time now.

Dundee also met Frankie Callahan eight times, Joe Welling eight times and George Chaney on seven occasions. The Baltimore knockout king was the toughest of tough foes. When he fought Johnny in their biggest match in the Garden he, I am thoroughly convinced, stopped Dundee with a body blow, but the referee called it a foul.

Britton and Lewis Hold Record for Number of Return Engagements; Wills and Langford Next

	Bouts	Rnds	K.O.	W.	W-F	D	N-Dec.	L	L-F	KO b
Jack Britton vs. Ted Kid Lewis	17	190	1	4	0	3	7	2	0	0
Harry Wills vs. Sam Langford	14	159	2	8	0	0	2	1	0	1
Sam Langford vs. Joe Jeannette	13	155	1	3	0	3	4	2	0	0
Sam Langford vs. Sam McVey	13	178	2	1	0	3	5	2	0	0
Sam Langford vs. Jim Barry	10	85	5	1	0	0	4	0	0	0
Jack Britton vs. Soldier Bartfield	10	96	0	0	0	0	10	0	0	0
Johnny Dundee vs. Willie Jackson	10	108	0	0	0	4	4	1	0	1
Abe the Newsboy vs. K. O. Pollits	10	96	0	2	0	6	2	0	0	0
Johnny Dundee vs. Frankie Callahan	8	86	0	3	0	0	5	0	0	0
Johnny Dundee vs. Joe Welling	8	85	0	1	0	0	5	2	0	0
Harry Wills vs. Jack Thompson	8	64	5	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Harry Greb vs. Chuck Wiggins	7	64	0	3	0	0	4	0	0	0
Joe Jeannette vs. Black Bill	7	33	5	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
Ted Kid Lewis vs. Johnny Griffiths	7	87	0	0	0	0	7	0	0	0
Johnny Dundee vs. George Chaney	7	52	0	1	1	0	5	0	0	0
Harry Wills vs. Jeff Clarke	7	50	5	1	0	1	0	0	0	0
Mike Sullivan vs. Jimmy Gardner	6	97	0	2	0	2	2	0	0	0
Joe Walcott vs. Billy Smith	6	99	0	2	0	1	0	2	1	0
Tommy Ryan vs. Billy Smith	6	60	1	1	0	4	0	0	0	0
Austin Rice vs. George Munroe	6	97	0	0	0	5	0	1	0	0
Joe Jeannette vs. Jack Johnson	6	45	0	0	1	1	3	1	0	0
Johnny Dundee vs. Benny Leonard	6	48	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	0
Johnny Dundee vs. Charley White	6	65	0	1	0	0	4	1	0	0
Benny Leonard vs. Phil Bloom	6	50	2	0	0	0	4	0	0	0
Abe the Newsboy vs. Austin Rice	6	50	0	1	0	2	3	0	0	0
George Dixon vs. Kentucky Rosebud	6	21	0	2	0	1	3	0	0	0
Matty Matthews vs. Owen Ziegler	6	45	1	2	0	1	2	0	0	0
Jack Sullivan vs. Hugo Kelly	6	82	0	1	0	0	4	1	0	0
Young Erne vs. George Decker	6	36	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	0
Young Erne vs. Johnny Marto	6	36	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	0
Young Erne vs. Young Corbett	5	30	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0
Young Erne vs. Jimmy Simister	5	30	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0
Harry Greb vs. Fay Keiser	5	46	1	2	0	0	2	0	0	0
Dave Sullivan vs. Kid Broad	5	124	0	1	0	2	0	1	1	0
Ted Kid Lewis vs. Soldier Bartfield	5	58	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0
Phila. Jack O'Brien vs. Chas. M'Keever	5	22	1	0	1	0	3	0	0	0
Joe Gans vs. Elbows McFadden	5	65	0	2	0	1	2	0	0	0
Willie Fitzgerald vs. Harry Lewis	5	26	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	1
Harry Forbes vs. Caspar Leon	5	53	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	0
Stanley Ketchell vs. Billy Papke	4	53	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	1
Stanley Ketchell vs. Joe Thomas	4	74	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0
Joe Jeannette vs. Sandy Ferguson	4	52	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	0
Peter Maher vs. Jim Jeffords	4	11	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0

The Dundee-Leonard and the Dundee-White battles were all brilliantly contested. With six rivals John had no less than forty-five matches, which is a triumph of conservation.

MYSTERIOUS BILLY SMITH'S twelve fights with Joe Walcott and Tommy Ryan can be classed under any other head than that of "brother act." Smith was a barroom brawler of the most pronounced type—a slashing, vicious fellow, who enjoyed himself most when the going was roughest.

Though Walcott was one of the greatest fighters that ever lived he always had his hands full with Mysterious Billy. As a matter of fact, Smith would rather beat the Barbadoes Demon than any other man alive, and he had an even break in their six scraps—ninety-nine rounds of furious milling.

He did not have as much success with Tommy Ryan, that cool master of the middleweight division. Smith fought four draws with Tom, but lost one decision, and was stopped once. In a rough-and-tumble, nothing barred, Mysterious Billy probably could have mopped up the floor with Ryan, but his style was somewhat cramped by Marquis of Queensberry rules.

No one will be likely to forget the fights between Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke, even though they met only four times—a comparatively meagre showing compared with that of Britton and Lewis.

Their first tiff was a no-decision affair in Milwaukee, a blood-stirring brawl, with Ketchel having a shade the better of the going. Stanley did not take any too good care of himself, and the next meeting saw Papke cut him into ribbons. Billy was a tremendously aggressive fellow, and a hard hitter. At the very start of the fight he hung one on Stanley's whiskers that had the Michigan Assassin groggy throughout the rest of the rounds. That won the middleweight crown for Papke.

Ketchel reversed matters by knocking his sturdy foeman out in their third meeting. He was burning for revenge, and though he could have nailed the Illinois Thunderbolt long before he did, Ketchel simply played with him, pounding him into a bloody pulp, but refusing to deliver the coup de grace until Bill was a sight to make the gods weep.

SOME twenty years ago Young Erne was one of the cleverest of all the lightweights. He could outbox almost any man of the period, but lacked a devastating punch. Practically all of Erne's fighting was done over the six-round route in Philadelphia, and he was enormously popular with the fans. They couldn't get enough of him, and he could have worked every week if he wanted to.

Naturally, there had to be some repeats. Erne boxed Young Corbett, Jimmy Simister, five, and George Decker and Johnny Marto, six times each. They were all good men. Corbett, as the conqueror of Terry McGovern, was a great drawing card against such a stylist as Erne. Decker, also a clever man, and now boxing instructor at the University of Pennsylvania, was a Philadelphian, with a strong local following as was Simister. These bouts were all "naturals" from the viewpoint of the promoters, while Marto, who was imported from New York, fought so dashingly that he was good for numerous returns.

The battles between Dave Sullivan, the featherweight from Knockmanoffe (what an appropriate home town for a fighter!), Ireland, and Kid Broad, the prize beauty of ringdom, were twins. Their five meetings occupied no less than 124 rounds. Broad was a leathery lad, but so was Sullivan, and they hammered each other to a turn, without either gaining a decided advantage.

The Kid won one decision, and took another on a foul. Sullivan scored once, and twice they went to draws. There was no brotherly feeling between the Broads and the Sullivans. You can lay a little bet on that.

ONE of the most entertaining feuds of the old days was between Willie Fitzgerald and Harry Lewis. Fitzgerald was known as the Fighting Harp, and a more rugged and aggressive fellow never graced the lightweight ranks. Like the traditional Irishman, Willie loved to fight, and there was nothing he liked more than to beat a Hebrew.

He had his hands full with Lewis, though. Harry was a good boxer and a sharp hitter, and Fitzgerald couldn't bully him. Their first four bouts, all of the no-decision variety, were chockfull of action, with honors about even. Then, Lewis hung one on Fitzgerald's jaw, knocking him out, and just about breaking his heart.

They met no more after that.

Benny Leonard, probably the cleverest of all the lightweight champions, did not carry his opponents to as great lengths as some of the others. In his earlier days he met Phil Bloom, a good East Side boy, six times. At first Benny had no great edge on Philly, but he went ahead fast while Bloom stayed where he was, and quite naturally later Benny stopped his rival a couple of times.

Leonard's other repeater was Johnny Dundee, and though he proved himself a better man than the great little Italian, Ben never could stop him, try as he would.

Of the other lightweight title-holders, Joe Gans was the only one to meet a rival as often as five times. His rival was George "Elbows" McFadden, and Elbows was a tough man on whom to get the range. McFadden never could beat the Old Master, but he gave him many an interesting session.

The appended list includes some of the most famous "return" boxers in ring history. It does not pretend to be complete. If every boxer who fought an opponent four times or more was included the list would occupy quite a large section of this magazine. But, it does include the more famous of those fighters.

BRITTON and Lewis not only have met more times than anyone else—seventeen—but they have also engaged in the greatest number of rounds, 190.

Next to them in engagements are Harry Wills and Sam Langford, who fought fourteen times, and then Langford-Jeannette and Langford-McVey, thirteen each.

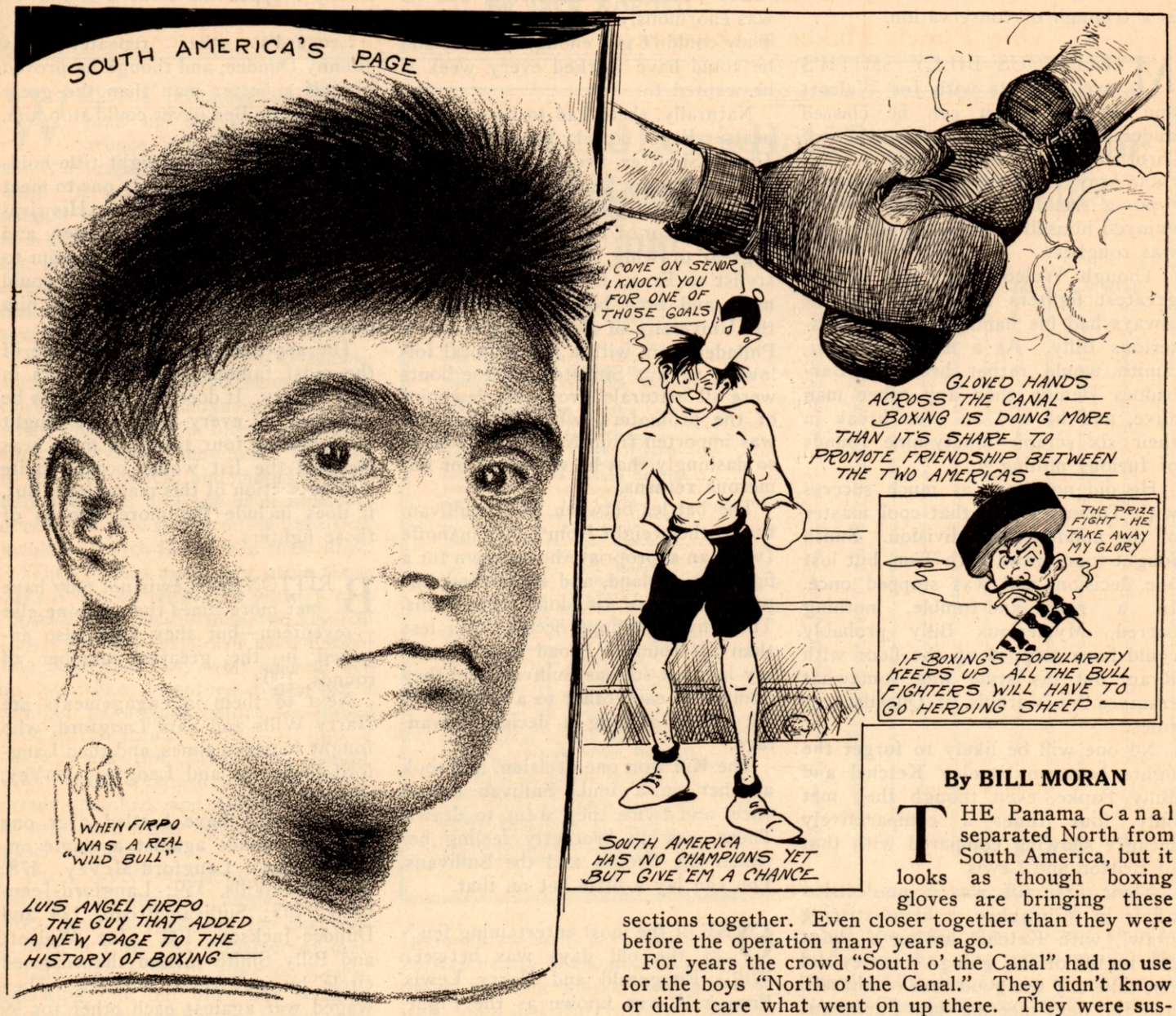
Those who have battled over one hundred rounds against a single opponent are: Langford-McVey, 178; Langford-Wills, 159; Langford-Jeannette, 155; Sullivan-Broad, 124 and Dundee-Jackson, 108. Joe Walcott and Billy Smith missed the charmed circle by just three minutes. They waged war against each other for 99 rounds.

There were some very one-sided series. Wills beat Langford in ten of their fourteen duels, stopping him twice. Barry was a mark for Langford, being knocked out five times in ten bouts; while Wills dropped Clarke five times in seven matches and Thompson five times in eight. Jeannette won all of his eight bouts against Black Bill, laying him out for the long count five times. How many of these knockouts were on the level, and how many were "dives" it is hard to say. The record books offer statistics and not a diagnosis.

The most indeterminate series were between Jack Britton and Johnny Griffiths, who waged seven no-decision affairs, and the matches between Young Erne and his four repeaters—

(*Continued on page* 14)

Sport Owes Him a Vote of Thanks—By Bill Moran



By BILL MORAN

THE Panama Canal separated North from South America, but it looks as though boxing gloves are bringing these sections together. Even closer together than they were before the operation many years ago.

For years the crowd "South o' the Canal" had no use for the boys "North o' the Canal." They didn't know or didnt care what went on up there. They were suspicious of "those tricky Americanos."

Before Luis Firpo's advent into the boxing game, boxing was almost unknown down in Panama and other Central American countries. But Big Luis was able to drag in the dough for clubbing citizens of the United States into submission or being clubbed unconscious himself. In fact, he became so big a drawing card that the more Americanos he clubbed the more "grand American" dollars he received. That helped to remove the distrust held by the Latin Americans for their northern brethern and brought about a spirit of friendship. To-day the ill-feeling of a decade ago is gone and to the keen observer who spent many months in Central American years ago the change can be traced directly to sports. Friendly sporting rivalry in the amateur field and the lure for gold in the professional ranks has brought the Latin American races nearer to Uncle Sam than ever before.

GRUDGE FIGHTS AND BROTHER ACTS (*Continued from page* 13)

twenty-two fights totalling 132 rounds without a verdict.

Peter Maher, that great old slugging heavyweight engaged in some funny affairs, though they may have lacked humor from the viewpoint of those engaged. He fought Jim Jeffords three times, stopping him twice in the second round, and once in the first, about as convincing a display of superiority as one could ask. Once Jim lasted six rounds by holding and hanging on.

Maher's other series were not so happy. He met Bob Fitzsimmons on three occasions, losing a twelve-round verdict, engaging in a no-decision three rounder, and being stopped in the first in the other affair. Bob was given an awful long count, as he lay with his nose in the resin, in the initial encounter, and then proceeded to get up, and give the Irishman a frightful lacing.

Peter was also knocked out by Joe Choynski in one of their three engagements. He had a tremendously powerful punch, and a correspondingly weak jaw.

Those Fatal Wallops

One Punch Makes a Difference—Ask Corbett, Slattery and Mitchell

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

ONE punch may put a promising boxer out for the rest of his life though the fighting spirit is still there. Ring history proves that many a top notch boxer with a brilliant future has been shunted into the background as the result of one punch. Take the case of Jimmy Slattery, the sorrel-thatched Buffalo middleweight. Jimmy looked like a champion in his first few battles in the old Garden in New York. Experts spoke of his chances against Jack Dempsey.

Then Jimmy undertook to whip Dave Shade, and the Buffalo lad walked into one blow. Much to the astonishment of his admirers, Jimmy was stopped. True, there are many good fights left still in Slattery, but he never again will be the fighter who defeated the great Jack Delaney twice.

That one blow put a crimp in Slattery's future, and no matter how much Jimmy will try, there is something in his makeup now which will prevent him from ever reaching the top rung.

Other Examples

STILL more notable examples of boxers whose careers were practically ended through the medium of one punch are Jim Corbett, Ritchie Mitchell, Luis Firpo and Jack Dillon. The case of Corbett is extremely interesting. In his encounter with Jim Jeffries at Coney Island on May 11, 1900, Corbett came within four minutes of regaining the world's heavyweight championship, a thing never before or thereafter accomplished. Unfortunately for Gentlemen Jim, his feet became a little wabbly, and he became a mark for a solid left hook from Jeffries.

Corbett so far had outclassed Jeffries that had the fight gone the limit he would have regained the crown. Some, in their report of the bout, declared that Corbett became overconfident and as a result careless and that this accounted for his defeat. Corbett in a statement to the writer, said that it was not a matter of carelessness but one of legs that caused his defeat.

"I was out of the ring too long. My previous bout was with Tom Sharkey on November 22, 1898, in New York, and I realized that if at any time Jeffries connected with my jaw I would be knocked out so I tried to keep him at long range," explained Corbett. "This was fine until my legs began to quiver. They gave way just as I felt I had the title within my grasp. That knockout practically ended my career. I was never worth much after Jeffries put me out."

When Firpo Missed Chance

SPEAKING of championship bouts, we must not forget the time that Firpo took the count from Jack Dempsey. In Luis' case he was even closer to the championship than was Corbett. The Argentinian, according to all rules of the game, won the world's championship when he put the Manassa Mauler through the ropes, and had Luis not been so money mad and employed a good American handler, he would have annexed the title.

As things turned out however, Firpo took a terrific beating in the following round and the one punch to the jaw which first sent him down practically ended Firpo's career. He never came back. Whether it was fear, conscious or subconscious that made Firpo a "bust," no one knows, but the fact remains he never amounted to anything and never will, although much was predicted for him when he first was seen in action.

It is a psychological effect, a general breakdown, which never mends itself.

When Benny Leonard knocked out Ritchie Mitchell in the old Garden, 13,000 fans saw Richie come within an ace of winning the world's lightweight championship. He had Leonard down and almost out. A few rounds later, they saw that same Western boxer go home a defeated gladiator, never again to amount to much. From a near champion to a "has-been" almost overnight, through the medium of a wallop. —that was Mitchell's sad fate.

Willard's Defeat

JESS WILLARD suffered likewise through the lambasting he received from Dempsey in their Toledo championship bout. The dethroned title holder, with one swoop, dropped from the fistic limelight. His attempts at a come-back in his bouts with Floyd Johnson and Luis Firpo were mere gestures.

"Bombardier" Wells went the same way after his memorable battle in the old Garden on June 28, 1912, in which he was knocked cold in three rounds by Al Palzer. The British heavyweight looked like a champion until that contest and therafter he proved nothing more than a punching bag for his opponents. One punch settled his career—the wild swing landing on a glass jaw.

Jack Dillon, claimant of the light heavyweight championship, looked unbeatable in his prime. Like Joe Walcott, it was often remarked that he could beat men many pounds heavier than himself. Dillon had a notion he could whip any heavyweight in the game and accordingly he accepted a match with Frank Moran, inventor of the famous "Mary Ann."

In that bout Jack got one on the chin in the third round that sent him reeling across the ring, but he retained his senses and kept on his feet. It was a terrific punch and although Dillon won that bout, which went ten rounds, he admitted in the story of his life, that that blow practically put an end to his career. He fought quite a number of battles after this bout, but the Jack Dillon of old was no longer there.

And so it goes—one punch—and a career is blasted.

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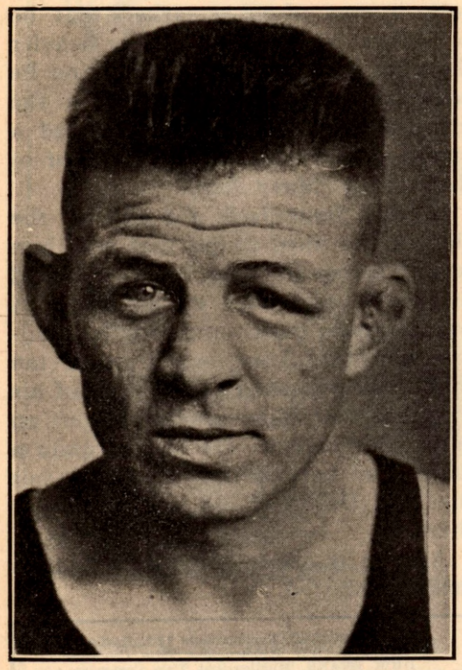
Mike O'Dowd, Greatest Middleweight; Gans Premier Lightweight and Driscoll Best Feather, Says Paddy Mullins

By PADDY MULLINS
(Veteran Promoter and Manager)

MANY of the boys will say "blah" and "the old man's cuckoo" when their eyes light on my selection of Mike O'Dowd as the greatest middleweight of all time. True, I managed Mike but I have no hesitancy picking him over Stanley Ketchel and Tommy Ryan.

O'Dowd was the nearest thing to the real fighters of thirty and thirty-



Mike O'Dowd

five years ago who performed in these days of the modern art of self-defense. He was a fighter every inch of him. He trimmed Mike Gibbons, knocked out George (K. O.) Brown, who had whipped the great Les Darcy, and during his tenure on the top rung of the ladder, he fought them all one after the other. He feared no man, black or white.

I have seen them come and go over a stretch of fifty years. I saw bare knuckle fights, witnessed private battles, was chased off the docks by the police, and all in all I believe I have had my fill of fights. The old timers had it on the present day scrappers from every imaginable angle. You saw more action in one fight at the Pelican Club in Brooklyn than you see nowadays in half or a dozen battles.

Travelled Far to See Bouts

I USED to travel hundreds of miles to sit in at some of the big scraps. In those days I was a great fan. Didn't miss one. I used to bet too, now I don't give the betting thing a tumble. It's too much of a business now. You can't get any action for your money.

I trained and fought some of the greatest dogs that ever lived. I promoted many big bouts. I always liked boxing. I feel as though I was born and brought up with the resin dust. I trekked to New Orleans to see the great John L. Sullivan bowled over by the young, scientific Jim Corbett. I went to Reno to see Jeffries go down before the onslaught of Jack Johnson. I saw several titles change hands in California. I didn't miss a trick.

MULLINS' SELECTIONS

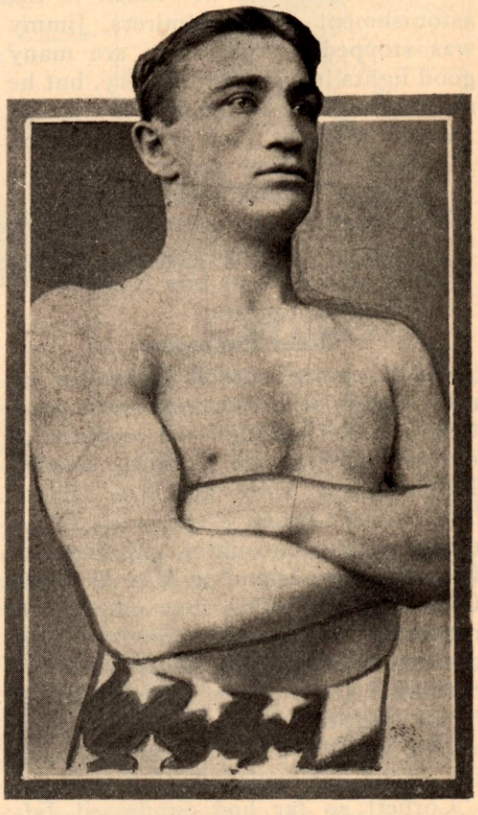
Heavyweight—John L. Sullivan.
Light Heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons.
Middleweight—Mike O'Dowd.
Welterweight—Matty Matthews.
Lightweight—Joe Gans.
Featherweight—Jem Driscoll.
Bantamweight—George Dixon.
Flyweight—Jimmy Barry.

I know the fight experts will give me the "ha ha" for picking O'Dowd. You can't satisfy everybody. That's my personal opinion of coure. Mike could go through the present middleweight crop without half trying. He'd make a fellow like Tiger Flowers jump over the top rope. He used to give the customers plenty of action for their money.

Tommy Ryan was a wonder and all that but I feel Mike could have beaten him. The same goes for Ketchel. I would have paid $500 for a ringside seat to see Mike and Ketchel have it out. It would have been a battle second to none.

Selects Matty Matthews

A GREAT difference of opinion will spring up over my selection of Matty Matthews as the premier welterweight. Yes, we had Joe Wolcott, the Sullivan twins, Rube Ferns, Jimmy Clabby, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Jack Britton and Mickey Walker, but they were outclassed by Matthews. Matty whipped Ferns for the title on October



Matty Matthews

16, 1900. He was clever, was a great hitter and near nigh invincible. It was a treat to see him perform. He never haggled over the price nor the man he was to face. They all looked alike to him.

John L. Sullivan stood out head and shoulders over all heavyweights. He was a class by himself. There never was a greater hitter than the Boston Strong Boy. I saw him in most of his fights. For a big man he was exceptionally clever.

Sullivan had everything and was game to the core. He was not in condition when Corbett annihiliated him. He was past his peak. He had seen his best days. Had Sullivan behaved, he would have retired undefeated. He wouldn't listen to reason.

He had his own, or at least had to have his own way about doing things. He trained to suit himself. He used to bowl the boys over like so many ten pins. He was the most feared man in pugilistic history.

Fitz a Great Fighter

NEXT to Sullivan, the greatest and most marvellous fighter who ever laced the gloves on his hands was the late, lamented Bob Fitzsimmons. As a light heavyweight he stood out by himself. He could give twenty or more pounds in weight and beat every man who faced him. I saw him defeat the great Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. That was his greatest feat.

I always liked punchers. Fitz, O'Dowd, Matthews, Dixon and Barry were terrific hitters. I wish I could lay my hands on a second Fitzsimmons. I would then be willing to die, forgive my enemies of which I have but a few, and call everything even.

Peerless Joe Gans

TALK about your Benny Leonards, Sammy Mandells, Sid Terris's and a few other good lightweights, they weer and are second raters compared to the peerless Joe Gans. The Baltimore Negro was in a class by himself. He could hit, was the last word in science and a gentleman every inch of him.

It was a treat to see Gans in action. He was only a shell when Battling Nelson beat him. As a countender he had no equal. He knew when and how to hit. He seldom missed a blow. He carried many of the boys for the good reason that if he didn't, he couldn't earn a living.

Leonard was a clever lad and all but he never lived to see the day he could whip Gans. Joe used to bet on himself. He'd bet the round he'd variably made good. He had it all over Jack Johnson fighting on the defense.

Baldock Like Driscoll

ENGLAND sent us over a marvelous featherweight in Jem Driscoll. I saw him outbox Abie Attell. The Briton was flashy, fast as a streak on his feet and he could also punch. He was a picture in action.

The nearest thing I have seen to him is little Teddy Baldock, who was brought to America recently by Teddy Broadribb. Baldock is a pocket edition of Driscoll and Jimmy Wilde, another marvel. Driscoll looked like a string bean. He used to feint the boys into knots, counter like a Joe Gans, hit like a marksman and evade blows by the proverbial eyelash.

Ballade of Bruisers

"Into the night go one and all."
—W. E. Henley.

WHERE are the burly fists that swayed
The raging millions—blow by blow?
The crashing jabs that each essayed
For cheering crowds to see and know?
Old John L.'s slam against the foe?
Jim Corbett's skill amid the brawl?
The brave, the big, the fast, the slow?
"Into the blight go one and all."

WAR Gods who led the big parade
Where Ruby Robert got the dough;
Or out the regal cavalcade
Where Big Jeff ruled the fighting show;
Hail, Fighting Men, in battle glow?
No answer echoes to our call,
Save on the far wind's undertow—
"Into the blight go one and all."

THE curtain swings, salaam is made;
Far whirls the cheering to and fro;
Fame stalks across the open glade
For stalwarts forming, row on row;
Jack Johnson? None might overthrow
The sable king's eternal thrall,
Until his time had come to know
"Into the blight go one and all."

SO one by one they come and go
Does Dempsey in his laureled stall,
Hear haunting ghosts that whisper low,
"Into the blight go one and all"?
—In the New York Herald-Tribune

He was a born fighter. Cleverness was his middle name. I cried inwardly when I learned of his death. He made some of the best American feathers look like so many plugged nickels.

Dixon Another Star

GEORGE DIXON was another lad who had science down to a fine T. Remarkable athlete. Corking little fellow outside the ring. Delighted fighting fellows who had weight, height and reach to burn. Used to make them come down to his size and then batter them into helplessness. He was a baby Joe Gans. He used to fight any and everybody his manager picked for him. He made a ton of money but wasted his fortune because he was a good fellow.

Of all the great flyweights Jimmy Barry, in my opinion was the best. For a 105-pounder he could whip boys scaling as high or as much as 115 and 120. I saw him in some hectic battles. Never took a back step, fought from the tap of the first bell.

He was dangerous right up to the last bell. Was a punching fool. He was classy in every department of the game. You'll never live to see another Barry—mark what I tell you. Pancho Villa, Jimmy Wilde and Frankie Genaro were corking fighters but they didn't compare with the western tornado.

Jack Dillon Continues Keen Interest in Boxing

Jack Dillon, former Indianapolis light heavyweight star, is scouting for boxers. He thinks he has discovered a good boy in "Farmer Joe" Cooper, Indiana welterweight. Cooper is the first fighter to attract any attention from the once great Dillon since Jack quit the game.

Jack Dillon, in his heyday, was regarded as one of the greatest light heavyweights the boxing game ever developed. He was called "Jack the Giant Killer." Many heavyweights fell before Dillon's vicious onslaught.

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Ring Stars of Bygone Days in Various Occupations

1—*Joe Rivers, former lightweight; 2—Billy Papke, the Kewanee Thunderbolt, pruning tree in his orchard; 3—Leach Cross, now in real estate business: 4—Ad Wolgast setting 'em up in billiard parlor; 5—Tommy Ryan, prosperous Coast business man; 6—Jim Jeffries, the "Big Fellow," with his blooded stock, which he recently disposed of. He is now in a vaudeville team with Tom Sharkey.*

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Scene, a one arm lunch room in New York. Jake and Mike, old friends, who made the trip to the Big Fight in Philadelphia, meet again and recount their experiences and their reactions.

JAKE—(Wiping away the mustard from his phizz)—Well, what do you think of that Tunney-Dempsey affair? I got a fine cold out of it, and that's all.

MIKE—(Swallowing the last of a hot dog in haste)—You can't make me believe that Dempsey went back so far. I think it was one of those things. Dempsey made a great Barrymore.

JAKE—You're one of those birds who thinks Creation was a fake. Get wise to yourself. Dempsey always was over rated and he shone only against those big, stationary targets like Willard and Firpo. When he struck a guy like Tom Gibbons, who could move around, the Man Killer was tamed. Tunney didn't let Jack get set.

MIKE—Yeh, that may be. But what about the times that Dempsey did get set and did sock Gene? There was something lacking. Jack didn't hit with everything he had. It was one of those things.

JAKE—You're like the rest of those soreheads who wrote to the sporting editors calling them names for picking Dempsey as a sure thing. Dempsey never was a great fighter and that three year layoff took away his fighting spirit and put a lot of applesauce into his punch. You can't stay away for three years and still be good. Suppose you were to go into the woods for three years, living a soft, easy life. Could you add a column of figures as nimble when you made a comeback? Well, that's what ailed Dempsey. Competition is the zest of life, says Shakespeare. Or was it Nick Carter?

MIKE—Well, have it your way. You never will make me believe down in my heart that Dempsey fought on the level. But that's that. Who's gonna fight Tunney now?

JAKE—They seem to be cooking up another fight with Dempsey. Why give up a soft thing like that without an encore? Two million dollars at the gate, and a fat purse for the fighters and Rickard. What suckers those boys would be not to put on a repeater!

MIKE—I think Dempsey should quit right now and call it a complete career. That bird has taken enough dough out of the game to retire. If he was on the level in Philadelphia, then he won't beat Tunney in ten more tries. Jack sure looked sad, bobbing and weaving all over Philly and hitting Gene once every Sunday. It was great motion picture stuff. What a Man Killer that guy Dempsey turned out to be!

JAKE—Yeh, Dempsey should quit. Why not be the first modern heavy champ to retire without a knockout while he holds the title? But sentiment gives way before the dough these days. Dempsey still needs the dough. There will be another Tunney-Dempsey thing, likely in New York.

MIKE—I expect that Tunney will take a long vacation. If he does fight Dempsey again, they won't meet until July 4, 1927, if then. If that Dempsey thing isn't a go, then I think it will be Harry Persson, the Big Swede. Tunney isn't likely to pay much attention to Jack Delaney. Harry Wills is out now that Sharkey beat him.

JAKE—What a square deal that guy has got!

MIKE—Yeh, too bad about Wills. Now we can concentrate on Sharkey or Munn or one of them other big boys, white and slightly past twenty-three.

JAKE—Somehow, I don't think that Tunney is gonna be a fighting champion. I have a sneaking notion that Gene and his monocle will be seen more often in the movies than in the ring. I have an idea that Tunney doesn't like to fight and that he will put the title in a glass case and outdo Dempsey in long vacations.

MIKE—I don't know about that. After all, the money for fighters is in the ring. Dempsey found that out. Tunney may screen better than Dempsey but the public is hep to the stuff about fighters posing for the movies and the gag is worn out. Tunney can make real money by fighting, even if he meets only second and third raters. The big idea is to keep fighting, even if you don't give a chance to the boys who can hurt.

JAKE—You're thinking about the old days when the champions met all comers. Those days are over. Why should those birds get all fatigued travelling when they rake in half a million piastres cracking the skull of some dub? This game has run into big dough. John L. Sullivan must be writhing in his grave.

MIKE—Yeh, the game has run into too much dough. Two million dollars is too much money for any fight. A million is too much. When you run into such dough you run into Big Business, which means bankers and the like. And you get into a matter of too great temptation. Something should be done to knock the prices down to ten bucks, tops. And I'm in favor of declaring open season on specs, no licenses needed. What with the scalpers and phoney fights and high prices, the game isn't going to get healthier any.

JAKE—After all, it's the public's money and nobody forces anybody to go to the fight. If the dough comes in at the gate, the battlers ought to get their just share.

MIKE—Yeh, but why should so much dough come in? The bigger the stadiums, the higher the prices. If Rickard ever gets an arena seating 200,000, the prices will jump to one hundred bucks a card of admission. Why not ease up on John J. Public?

JAKE—The trouble with you, Mike, is that you are sentimental. You always think that the promoters are in the game for the good of the public.

MIKE—Well, I don't care. I have sworn off. That wetting I got in that so called City of Brotherly Love cured me.

JAKE—Yeh, I'll see you at the next fight, all hopped up again.

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Notable One Round Knockouts

SEVERAL FIGHTS WHICH ATTRACTED WIDESPREAD INTEREST ENDED QUICKLY

By FRANK GRAHAM

ONE-ROUND knockouts in fights of national or international importance within the last thirty years have not been frequent occurrences; neither have they been rarities. Over the modern ring record of Europe and America have been spread a fair number of single session victories established in contests which meant much to the men involved.

Joe Walcott, variously known as the Barbados Demon, the Giant Killer and by other sobriquets which carried a hint of his fistic prowess, earned the welterweight championship of the world by vanquishing Matty Matthews in one round. Matthews, a rugged fellow with a propensity for mixing matters, was one of the most redoubtable fighters ever to hold the title in the 142-pound class, but in 1895 he faced the little giant of ebony hue and was battered into a state of helplessness in less than three minutes of actual combat.

The following year another notable and equally brief contest took place on Mexican soil with two of the leading pugilists of the day as the principals. Peter Maher, who had risen to fame in a series of one-round knockouts, registered at the expense of men like Steve O'Donnell, of Australia, whom he twice flattened in one round; Joe Godfrey, Gus Lambert, Nick Burley, Jerry Slattery, Bob Marshall, Mike Morrissey and Mike Monahan, was matched with Bob Fitzsimmons, holder of the middleweight championship and challenger of Jim Corbett for the heavyweight title.

IT was planned to have the men meet in Hot Springs, Ark., but the authorities in that resort refused to sanction the contest. Then began a pilgrimage by Fitzsimmons, Maher and their followers in search of a battle ground. They were driven from town to town in Arkansas and Texas and finally crossed the Rio Grande at Langtry, Tex., and pitched a ring on the arid, cactus-dotted plain. Both men were travel worn and weary and Maher's eyes, into which alkali dust had been swept by the stirring breezes, were badly inflamed. Fitz, the fresher of the two, waded into Maher as soon as the bell set them in action, and whipping one or two stiff punches to the bewildered Celt's jaw dropped him for the count.

On March 17, 1897, at Carson City, Nev., Fitz finally attained the goal he had set for himself—a meeting within the squared circle with Corbett. As a preliminary to this fight a battle between Dal Hawkins and Martin Flaherty was arranged. Hawkins and Flaherty were in the first flight of the lightweights of the day and interest in their set-to was almost as widespread as that in the Fitzsimmons-Corbett affray. As the bell clanged the signal for the start of the lightweight engagement Hawkins, who packed a stunning punch in his left fist, shot the left to Flaherty's chin. Martin hit the resined floor with a thud and the fight was over.

GEORGE La BLANCHE, the marine who earned fleeting fame by knocking out the immortal Jack Dempsey with a pivot blow, entered the ring with Kid McCoy in 1897, but did not remain within the ropes for more than a very few minutes. McCoy, a master boxer and a punishing hitter, disposed of La Blanche with a flurry of well-directed blows delivered within a minute or so after the gong had sounded.

In 1900 Pedlar Palmer, the British featherweight champion, came to this country for the express purpose of obtaining a match with Terry McGovern. Terry did not hesitate to accede to his wish and the little fellows clashed at Tuckahoe. Palmer, who was hailed as a wonderful fighter, never got properly started against Terrible Terry. Dashing out of his corner at the outset of the fight, Terry beat down the little Briton's guard with a veritable rain of blows and the affair was all over but the shouting.

Like Walcott, Joe Gans earned a title in jig time. Gans, who had been beaten by Frank Erne, the lightweight champion, at the Broadway Athletic Club, in this city, obtained a return match with his conqueror. The men came together at Fort Erie in 1902. The Old Master feinted with his left and as Frank stepped in to meet his advance Joe crossed his right to the champion's jaw and the title passed into his hands.

Georges Carpentier has a number of one-round knockouts to his credit. Carpentier won the European championship by stopping Bombardier Wells in four rounds in Ghent, Belgium, on June 1, 1913. He granted a return match to Wells and the men hooked up in London on December 8 of the same year. On that occasion the French idol made even shorter work of the Bombardier, slugging him into dreamland in one round.

In 1913, too, a heavyweight fight which attracted widespread attention in this country ended, and ended fatally, in one round. Luther McCarty, who had sprung into fame by knocking out Carl Morris some months previous and who was regarded as a champion in the making, was matched to box Arthur Pelky, a fourth-rate heavyweight from Chicopee, Mass., in an open-air arena in Calgary, Alberta. The bout appeared in advance like a pushover for McCarty, and as the men stepped forward to meet in the center of the ring as the bell rang McCarty grinned at his opponent and jabbed lightly Pelky, rushing at him, swept his guard down and delivered a blow to the jaw. McCarty dropped to the canvas and was counted out.

When he failed to respond to the application of the usual treatment he was carried from the ring and laid on the grass outside the arena. Efforts of physicians to revive him failed and he died without regaining consciousness. The exact cause of his death never was clearly established, but the general belief is that a vertebra in his neck had been partially fractured when he fell from a horse two days before and that the single blow landed by Pelky had completed the break.

Fresh in the minds of fight fans is the one-round knockout of Fred Fulton by Jack Dempsey at Harrison, N. J., 7 years ago. The men were the leading contenders for Jess Willard's crown and Dempsey's victory in that scrap assured him the subsequent match with Willard.

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Sir Dan Donnelly, Ireland's Greatest Pugilist

By AL SPINK

COME all ye true born Irishmen
And listen to me song,
And hould yer wisht and clinch yer fist,
For that won't take ye long,
While I a song unfold to ye,
Sung wid joyish Irish air;
It's about the Cooper-Dan Donnelly fight,
On the Curragh of Kildare.

Then three loud cheers for our own Dan
And the way he fought to-day,
And another cheer for the Englishman,
Who couldn't have his way.
And another cheer for the lady fair,
Who had bet her last half crown
As an Irish flag fluttered high in the air
And the Union Jack went down.

Oh, Sir Dan was brave and true as gold,
And he fought like an Irish knight
Till the tale of victory was told
In the bonfires' burning light.
Now, before Dan gleams the emerald sod
Of Ireland brightened by the sun,
Now he sees again the smiles of God,
Now he hears the brooklets laughing run.

He fought for Ireland and her weal,
He did his best to carve a name
With grimy hands and heart of steel,
Upon the rocky walls of fame.
For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is Dan's only prize,
His only wealth is honor.

So here's to Dan, our noblest son,
No other need him dare,
For to-day he made the English run
On the Curragh of Kildare.

* * *

THE above was the song they sung in Ireland on the night of September 14, 1814, in celebration of the victory of Sir Dan Donnelly, Ireland's greatest pugilist, over George Cooper, champion heavyweight pugilist of England.

The morning of that day broke bright and clear on the Curragh of Kildare, in Old Ireland.

Early in the morning of that day, even before sunrise, the crowd began to gather. Great men of England touched shoulders with great men from Ireland and all came loaded down with gold and silver to bet on their favorite son.

Special places had been selected around the ring for members of the royal family and it was represented by the Dukes of Cumberland and Argyle.

Even before the two pugilists had entered the ring, wealthy Irishmen offered to wager huge sums on their Dan Donnelly and the Duke of Cumberland and his agents covered nearly all the money that was offered.

It was estimated after the battle that a hundred thousand pounds, or $500,000

Dan Connelly, famous Irish champion who won the title of Great Britain when he defeated George Cooper at Curragh, Ireland, September 14, 1814, in eleven rounds. Connelly beat Tom Oliver in 1819, when over a half million dollars was wagered on the fight

were wagered on the event and that over 30,000 persons witnessed the battle.

WHEN the call of time was made there were great cheers when Donnelly rushed at Cooper and letting fly at him with his left, reached the Englishman directly on the nose. A moment later first blood was claimed for Donnelly and there were tremendous cheers when near the end of the round Cooper slipped and went down in his corner.

It looked as though it was to be a walkover for Dan, but in the next round, to the surprise of all, Cooper came out of the corner cool and calculating, went at his man determinedly and succeeded in planting three blows in succession on his adversary's face without receiving a return. There were cheers for Cooper when the round ended.

At the commencement of the third round the Duchess of Argyle, an ardent supporter of the Irishman, going to his corner, said:

"I have bet a fortune on you and you can have every dollar I win if you will fight as you can fight. I want you to go into the next round and whip Cooper to death. I know you can do it."

In the next round, in response to the appeal of the Duchess, Donnelly went at his opponent like a tiger and it was all over with Cooper from that time on.

In the eleventh and last round Donnelly came to the scratch looking fresh and strong, and seizing Cooper by the neck and getting his back against the ropes Donnelly showered blows on him until he fell on the ground.

The Irishman had followed the advice of the Duchess and had beaten the Englishman nearly to death. The fight lasted eleven rounds, and was fought in 22 minutes.

That night all Ireland celebrated the victory of their champion and bonfires were built in the streets of Dublin.

And even to this day Ireland celebrates Dan Donnelly's birthday by singing his song of victory.

WHEN?

By RAY I. HOPPMAN

BILL BUDD was lying in his bed,
The doctor came and looked and said
"It looks as though you're done for, still
You may stick 'round a while, Bill.
Do as I tell you and you may
Live for a quarter of a day."
And Bill replied, "I guess you're right,
But when will Harry Wills get a fight?

A MAN was talking to a dame
Who longed to change her maiden name,
He said, "Ruth, will you answer me
A question straight and honestly?"
She, thinking that at last he'd say
"Oh, Ruth, dear name our wedding day!"
Said, "Surely, dear."—Then questioned Jack
"Will the champion ever fight that black?"

Wild West Scenes Marked Tiger Flowers' Thriller with Frank Carbone

By HY SCHNEIDER

MANY wonderful stories have been written around the start of Tiger Flowers' career in the ring, but none approach in point of human interest that "Gawgia" Deacon's first real efforts in the manly art of self-defense.

The middleweight champion has a past in modern fisticuffs that surpasses anything of its kind ever penned. It's enough to make your heartstrings burst with excitement; a story of all stories.

Not only has the Negro been a credit to the boxing profession, but he has made thousands of friends among the whites through his gentlemanly tactics in and out of the ring. He is the best liked Negro since the days of the late lamented Joe Gans.

It was right in the heart of the Rio Grande Valley where Tiger Flowers first began to do his real "stuff.' He was born to sprout as a Queensberry hopeful in Georgia. He was transplanted to the irrigated soil of the Paso Del Norte along the Rio Grande to burst into bud as a flourishing flinger of the padded mitt profession. He then was commuted, via Atlanta, to New York, to bloom and blossom exentually, into a wull-fledged middleweight champion of the world in Tex Rickard's Queensberry conservatory.

The first solid bricks in the Tiger's championship castle were laid in Juarez, Mexico, on the night of February 21, 1922. Coming to town with a skipping rope and a Bible, Flowers had the bearing of a Quaker. The name T-i-g-e-r did not seem to fit in just right with the smiling, broad-shouldered boy who arrived to fight the slugging Gorilla Jones in the Mexican Arena.

A COUPLE of early, clean-cut victories in southwestern rings just before the Tiger's arrival caused Jones to be installed a heavy betting favorite over the quiet-mannered Georgian. The promoter of the attraction was Severo G. Gonzales and the scene of combat was the Central Garden arena. Ben Freudenstein was matchmaker. Jones and Flowers were booked for 15 rounds at 160 pounds.

Expecting Jones would "slaughter" Flowers, the greater number of boxing fans were in attendance at a wrestling match in El Paso on the American side

Tiger Flowers

of the Rio Grande that same evening. Those who did go to the fight saw one of the most exciting bouts of the year. It was a one-sided affair from the outset, but Jones was the lamb being devoured by the Tiger.

In the second round Jones had been knocked as limber as an eel. The Gorilla put up a wild fight, though he was floored repeatedly. He came back for more, but took the count in the ninth round.

Flowers was little known outside of Georgia and the smaller towns of the South until he staged his series of bouts in the Southwest. Save for a temporary reverse at the hands of Lee Anderson in Juarez, one or two other setbacks and his two quick-time knockouts by Jack Delaney in old Madison Square Garden, Flowers continued on the high crest of pugilistic success from the date of his Jones triumph until, almost exactly three years later, he took the championship laurels from Harry Greb.

AN outstanding high light in Flowers' ring career during the year of 1922 came with his meeting Frank Carbone, New York middleweight, in the Central Garden in Juarez. Carbone was "imported" by a coterie of sharpshooters who were desirous of getting the Georgia negro "bumped off," in a fistic way. Flowers was a hot favorite in the region of the Rio Grande. He remained loyal to the club that first gave him his chance to show for better money than he had had previously earned.

Nick Sollitto, who had handled many boxers, was the Walk Miller stable representative in the western section. Incidentally there was an old friendship between Carbone and Sollitto, as Solitto hailed from Brooklyn, Carbone's home city. The Flowers-Carbone show was a sell-out. Feeling ran high on the outcome of the bout.

As usual, Promoter Gonzales had many Mexican peace officers "planted" about the ring on fight night. He was taking no chances on an outbreak. Flowers was the favorite to a man among the Mexican boxing patrons. The Americanos were split on the outcome, hence Flowers was a shortender in the betting.

The referee was a young man from Cleveland, a pale-faced fellow, tall and slender. He may have officiated in bouts previous to his introduction in the Flowers and Carbone affair, but there is or was some doubt. We do confidently surmise, however, he has not refereed any

since that eventful night in Old Mexico—at least not in that country. It was an exciting party for all hands, from the referee to the water (or, should we say the beer) boys.

THE bout was for 15 rounds. The first round was a cyclone. But the second round was a 10-year Mexican revolution boiled down into three short Queensberry minutes. It was swish-swish-swish and boom-boom-boom, both giving and taking, neither man giving an inch nor gaining an inch. At the end both were arm-limp and weary and the bell caught them in almost exactly the same spot in the center of the ring where they started.

The referee, lacking the courage and strength to pull them apart, finally managed by gesture to inform the gladiators that the bell had rung. The arena was in an uproar. It was noticed that Carbone sat down the heavier when he reached his seat. Flowers was all smiles and Frankie was scowling and moping during the rest period.

Flowers managed to edge into the lead in the third round. Carbone appeared to weaken steadily from round to round.

At the close of the ninth it looked like a cinch for Flowers to stop Carbone inside the limit of 15 rounds. Between rounds the Carbone backers were in excited conference in their seats at the ringside. They had wagered heavily and saw their money slipping out of their hands.

Carbone locked his hands about Flowers' shoulders and began butting like a goat. He butted Flowers about the ring at will gripping the negro tightly. The timid referee had a case of the buck fever and tripped about like a wounded fawn. Six times in succession Carbone butted Flowers on the chin and the seventh time his head came in contact with Flowers' jaw. Flowers sat down on the ring floor with a thump. Hundreds of wild Mexican rooters were demanding Carbone's life for his foul fighting.

THE arena was in a turmoil. Once on the floor the unsteady Carbone swung for Flowers' head and missed. The Tiger was plainly befuddled. A second time Carbone tried to side swipe the still sitting Flowers, and this time he landed on the side of the head, partly upsetting Flowers against the ropes on the press box side of the ring.

This last unfair assault was too much for the outraged Flowers backers. They began to swarm for the ring demanding the life of the referee and of Carbone. The peace officers gathered about the ring as if by magic. Guns began to show as the officers endeavored to hold the surging crowd back. Hats were broken in and there was great confusion about the ring as dozens of wild men AND WOMEN fairly walked over the heads of those persons who remained, or rather, tried to remain in their seats.

The sight of the milling mob. The flashing of pocket-edition artillery, while not a shot had yet been fired—thank God—and there were none fired—completely baffled the now paler-than-ever referee. It seemed every time he made a move to get out of the ring he ran plump into the jaws of a piece of blue-steel gunnery. What the peace officers wanted the referee to do was to make a decision. And what the referee wanted to do more than anything else was to get out of that ring and under it, where packing space was long previous at a premium.

Two Eastern fight writers had long before scrambled almost a dead heat with two bucket boys in a tunneling dash out of the zone of trouble. Promoter Gonzales managed to break through the crowd, to take the quaking referee into his arms and shout into his ear that he must make some decision and to make it pronto, meaning "right now."

THIS is what the arbiter finally sputtered while tottering on shaking knees:

"I disqualify Mr. Carbone for using tactics UNFAMILIAR to the Queensberry code."

Curley Joe Morgan, master of ceremonies, announced the decision verbatim. This was a cue for the renewal of the mad rioters' demands for Carbone's life. The referee sunk from the picture in his ice cream pants and his well-greased hair.

In losing on a foul Carbone had saved the "smart" betters, but what a chance he took with his own life! Sensing real serious trouble now, and with only one life to protect, the Mexican armed squad centered about Carbone to escort him safely from the arena.

Slow to grasp the good intent of the officers as his protectors, Carbone started a real fight in smashing the personal representative from the Juarez Mayor's office right on the chin. Still the Mexicans continued in their efforts to save Frankie from the mob. Carbone raved and fought on until three or more cracked down on Carbone's head to knock him into a transportable commodity. It seemed as though they were all inspired with the same idea at the same instant. Several blue-steeled barrels flashed above the boxer's head and down they came in a thud and a rattle on Carbone's dome, pling one upon the other in a flash. Yet not a shot had been fired.

CARBONE crumpled under the impact and was then dragged to jail first and quickly rushed to the hospital in Juarez and tenderly cared for. A number of rioters were taken in tow by the peace squadron, but most of them were quickly liberated.

Hard as was Carbone's fight within the ropes, he had a much harder session in his half-mad free-for-all outside the ring with his well-meaning body guard, which was in command of the late El Mocho, the one-armed gunner. On his way up the main street of Juarez in the cool night air it was noted that Carbone's only attire was one boxing glove, a shred of bandage only on the other hand, and one boxing shoe. He had been divested of his trunks in the furious melee. It was a picture no artist could paint—for publication at least.

El Mocho, the man who did his utmost to protect Frank Carbone during the riotous scene following his disqualification, later faced the firing squad at the hands of Mexican rebels, who declared that he was too friendly with the existing government, and the referee at the same time met his end at the hands of a murderous gang of Mexican Indians.

A Ballad of Dempsey

By JOHN KIERAN

WHEN Dempsey knocked Jess Willard flat and grabbed the fistic crown,
Sir Harry Wills took up the trail and threw the gauntlet down.
Lo, that was many years ago, and what was Jack's reply?
He hit poor Billy Miske on the jaw and in the eye.

ONCE more did dusky Wills hurl forth a challenge long and loud.
"I'll fight him," quoth the champion brave, "alone or in a crowd.
"I fear not Harry Wills," said he. To prove this was the case
He pushed a wicked left-hand hook in old Bill Brennan's face.

AND every time that Wills spoke out, some other guy stepped in;
The pride of France came over here and took one on the chin;
While Wills was rapping at the gate and knocking on the door.
The Wild Bull of the Pampas was bounced upon the floor.
And now poor Harry must wail some more
Until Gene Tunney has evened the score.

All photographs which appear in each issue of this book can be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Tod Morgan Shatters Championship Jinx—A Second Packey McFarland

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

AFTER a lapse of eleven years the pugilistic world is paying homage to another Packey McFarland in the young, scientific Tod Morgan Pilkington.

Morgan inscribed his name on the scroll of the fistic great with the machine-like precision by which he vanquished Joe Glick, leading challenger, in fifteen heart-rendering rounds before ten thousand wild-eyed, shrieking fanatics in Tex Rickard's New York arena last month.

The Seattle youth, who although he answers to twenty-one years, doesn't look more than eighteen or nineteen, not only successfully defended his junior lightweight laurels, but gave the most masterly exhibition of boxing seen in New York since the halycon days of McFarland.

The fans saw three Trojans of the past—McFarland, Johnny Kilbane and Pancho Villa—embodied in the lean, greyhound concentration of muscle of the little Scotch-Irish terror as he annihilated Glick with an avalanche of left hooks and jabs, right crosses, shortright hand uppercuts and one-two punches, the last word in boxing finesse. To add insult to injury Tod dropped Glick as if shot with a combination left hook and uppercut in the midst of a wild exchange in the eleventh stanza.

Won from Ballerino

MORGAN won the crown from Mike Ballerino sturdy Bayonne Italian, at Los Angeles, December 2, 1925. There was the champion, Ballerino, sturdy, rugged, veteran of many a vicious battle, bronzed and scarred. Facing him was the challenger, Morgan, slim, white-skimed, almost frail in appearance, showing no scars of battle, no marks of combat. It seemed a crime to pit that handsome, youthful boy against the muscular title-holder.

Then followed, for nine rounds, an epic struggle. For the challenger, who had been "doped" to fight a purely defensive contest, stepped out with the clang of the opening gong and carried the fight to the champion.

Ballerino, a fighter, lion-heated, planned to wear his opponent down in the early rounds of the fight, then force a terrific pace in the closing rounds, in an attempt to stop the challenger, but his plans did not materialize.

As early as the fifth it was evident that ring history was being made, and that a new champion would be crowned. From the audience arose shouts of "Stop the fight!"

"Stop it!" Stop it!", and the referee, Benny Whitman, seeing that Ballerino had absolutely no chance to win, and was taking an unmerciful beating, stepped in between the two boys and raised Morgan's hand. Simultaneously, Whitey Ekwert, Ballerino's second, tossed in the towel. Ekwert had tears in his eyes as he did it, for he was deeply attached to the little Italian, and had trained and seconded him for every important fight of his career.

Churchill Buys Him

WITHIN a week, the boxing world was electrified by the news that Frank Churchill, Ballerino's manager, had purchased Tod Morgan's contract from Morgan's father, paying $15,000 for the privilege of managing the new champion.

Churchill made the frank admission that he had very much underestimated Morgan, although Tod had scored a victory previously over Harry Wallach, Brooklyn southpaw, also under Churchill's management, and a fighter by whom Churchill set great store. The masterful manner in which Morgan had acquired the junior lightweight crown from Ballerino, however, convinced the veteran Manila sportsman that here was a youth with a great future.

Morgan, senior, had often remarked that his only ambition was to win a title with Tod, and then turn him over to some prominent manager. That the elder Morgan meant what he said was evidenced by the fact that he came to terms with Churchill within a week after winning the crown.

Tod's father always had firm faith that his son would become a world champion. It was his earnest belief, even before his son's first professional fight, that Tod had a brilliant future as a boxer, and could not be stopped from the acquisition of a world title.

Frail Youth

WHEN Tod was a tiny youngster, he was a frail, weak, lad; very sickly. Doctors advised the elder Morgan to bring his son up outdoors, if he wanted to nurse him into robust manhood.

Tod's youth was spent in the mountains of Oregon and northern California, hunting, fishing and trapping. He was only seven years old when his father strapped a pair of boxing gloves on his hands, and taught him the first principles of boxing.

Dad Morgan, over six feet tall, would kneel before his son and box with him, and the youngster seemed to show a remarkable aptitude for the sport. He was quick as a flash, active as a wildcat, and didn't seem to know the meaning of fear.

Within a short while, Dad Morgan had to give up this style of boxing. His son was hitting too hard, for one thing, and hitting too often to suit his Dad, who of course was handicapped by the fact that he could not move around to evade a punch. The love of boxing, therefore, was instilled into Morgan at a very early age. Tod was hunting deer with his dad when he was only seven years old, and killed his first cougar at nine. He is an expert shot, both with rifle and pistol, a skilled horseman, and broke wild horses when he was a lad in his early teens.

Morgan spent very little of his youth in the society of children of his own age. He was always with older folk, hunting with grown men, and fishing with them. Whenever he got the chance, he would put the gloves on with friends of his Dad who had some knowledge of boxing, and by the time he was sixteen years old, he was a skilled, scientific performer, although he had never seen a prize-fight in his life.

Made Debut on Coast

IT was in California that Morgan made his debut as a professional boxer. He was then about seventeen, weighed about 110, and was very thin

and wiry. But his arms were like steel.

It was at a boxing show in Vallejo, California. Morgan, senior, was taking his son to witness his first professional boxing show. One of the preliminary lads had suffered a broken arm, and the promoter was hunting for a substitute. It was announced from the ring that a suitable purse would be given any volunteer who cared to match skill with the boxer who had been left without an opponent.

Tod sitting with his father, pulled his Dad's sleeve and said:

"Dad, let me box him, will you?"

The elder Morgan smiled at his son's very evident earnestness, but shook his head. Tod was not to be so easily swayed from his purpose, however, and continued to plead with his father that he be permitted to appear as a professional. Finally, Morgan, Senior, knowing that his son could take care of himself, gave his consent, and went up to the promoter with the information that his son, Bert, (for that was Tod's given name) would volunteer.

"Bring 'im in", said the promoter.

When Tod appeared, the promoter shook his head dubiously.

"He's too little", he said. "That other kid would murder him".

That sort of nettled Morgan, Senior.

"Tell you what", he said. "I'll bet you the size of the purse that Tod doesn't get licked."

"All right—it's a go", said the small-town Rickard.

And Morgan Was His Name

THE announcer, asking Morgan for his name, in order to broadcast the information to the audience, did not quite get it. Morgan told him his name was "Bert Morgan Pilkington". He didn't ask Tod to repeat it, for, as he remarked audibly to a newspaperman at the ringside.

"Kid says his name's Morgan something—it don't make no difference—he'll bet his brains knocked out in a round. That other kid's too tough for him. Call him Tod Morgan,—it's as good a name as any to get knocked out with."

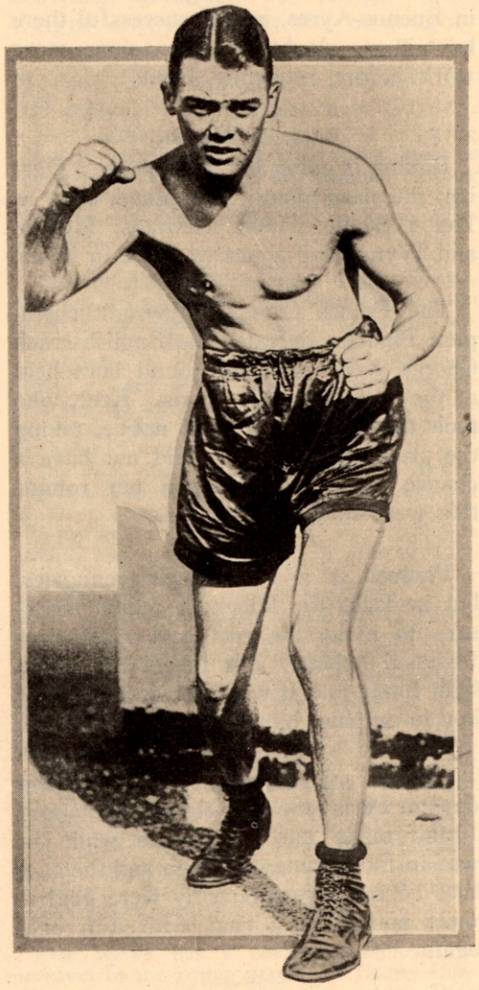
Far from being knocked out, little Tod, outweighed fifteen pounds, proceeded to give his older, heavier and far more experienced opponent, a very decided lesson in the manly art. He emerged from the ring, after the fourth round, without a mark.

With the cheers of the audience ringing in his ears like sweet music, Tod rejoined his father at the ringside and sat through the remainder of the show. He did not know it, but he was destined to defeat the star of the evening's performance within one year.

Naturally, Tod's success was "easy to take" for Morgan, Senior, and next evening, at a cafe in San Francisco which was much frequented by the sporting fraternity, Dad Morgan remarked that his son had the makings of a champion in him.

His remark was greeted by a roar of laughter, and that nettled Morgan.

"All right", he said, "I'm going to show you fellows that I know what I'm talking about."



Tod Morgan

It was an easy matter to get Tod another preliminary contest, at the same club, for he had made a big hit in his debut.

History repeated itself. Tod scored another sensational win, again spotting his opponent age, weight and experience, and that started him on his fistic career.

Never Knocked Out

TOD MORGAN has had over ninety professional fights. He has never been knocked out, and knocked down only twice. He has never been knocked down for a count.

Tod started boxing as a flyweight, but he has steadily taken on poundage until he now is a threat to the lightweight division. Indeed, there are many who are of the opinion that he can take the measure of Sammy Mandell as easily as he defeated Joe Glick.

Morgan has lost six decisions in his five years of boxing. Four of these were questionable—indeed, Morgan in return matches defeated three of the boys who had scored decisions over him. He has defended the title twice since he won it, and now has two title fights ahead of him.

Churchill has firm faith in Tod's ability to take the measure of any man in the world at his weight, and for that reason has no hesitancy in matching Tod with legitimate contenders.

In person, Tod Morgan is a very handsome, clean-cut American boy, absolutely unmarked, although veteran of over ninety fights. He always dresses in the height of style, and is very careful about his personal appearance. He is not given to night-life, and loves nothing better than to camp out in the woods, roughing it with some pals.

Morgan astounded his manager, in New York, on the occasion of his first visit there (when he boxed Steve Kid Sullivan at Ebbetts Field) by asking him where the Metropolitan Museum was.

"It's in Central Park," said Churchill. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I'd like to go through the place," said Tod.

He not only went through the Museum, but he spent three days there, coming back every morning to see the marvelous works of art which had attracted his fancy the day previous.

Morgan's closest friend, now that he is separated from his father, is Jimmy (Spug) Myers, well-known lightweight boxer of the Churchill Stable. The boys were inseparable until Spug's marriage on September 30.

Morgan is single, foot-loose and fancy-free. He likes to dance, motor, swim and play ball. In fact, he is fond of all sports, and very much attached to the theatre.

He is always good-natured, and fond of a joke.

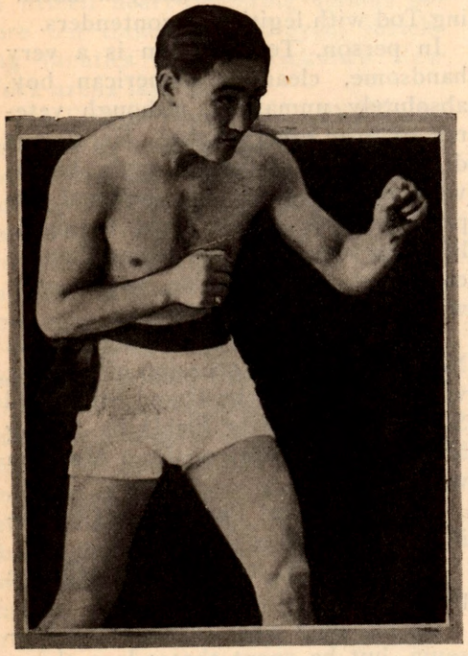
Churchill makes no secret of the fact that he has ambitions to attain three titles for Morgan. Tod can make 126 pounds, the featherweight limit, without trouble. Churchill also believes that Morgan can win the 135-pound title, and there are many who agree with him.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

(*Special Correspondence of* THE RING)

THE boxing season in Paris is now under full swing. Promoter Jeff Dickson has given several excellent entertainments at his Salle Wagram, and the Cirque de Paris arenas. It was his intention to bring over a few American fighters for the coming winter season, but with the present rate of exchange it would be impossible to offer inducements large enough to interest any of the good men of the States. Still he is willing to meet any of the fighters



Andre Routis, crack French featherweight, who beat Eddie Anderson at Ebbets Field in U. S. debut

half way by offering fair-sized purses in his Paris arenas for two or three fights, then arrange for matches in England and Germany, where the financial going is good.

Two new heavy-weights have come to the surface in France and they will be given trials in the near future. One of them is fair and with the proper kind of grooming he should fit in very well with any of the European big fellows.

Gypsy Daniels, the English battler, was thought to be easy for the German American, Samson Korner, and a bout between the pair was held in Berlin the latter part of last month. The "Gyp" turned up as the winner in the sixth of a scheduled fifteen round bout. Korner abandoned the fight on account of a broken hand.

At the same entertainment Piet Hobin, the crack Belgium welterweight knocked out in the fourth session d'Ernest Grimm of Germany.

Lucien Vinez is another of the French fighters that has journeyed to South America. He has arranged for a match in Buenos-Ayres, and if successful there he will no doubt be given some more work before returning home.

Boom in Brussels

Boxing is going big in Brussels. During the past month such good ones as Henri Scillie, Henri Hebrans, Molina, and Wyns have appeared there in bouts.

The French Olympic flyweight champion Pladner, defeated the English crack George Kent in a ten round bout held at the Salle Wagram, Paris. Kent, who took the bout on at short notice, taking the place of Kid Socks, did not have a chance during any of the ten rounds that were fought.

Pladner is a very clever youngster, but he lacks the knockout punch necessary to make the real high class professional fighter. But take him with a light hitter and it will take a very clever boy to outpoint him.

Our old pal, Frank Erne, spent a few days in Paris renewing old acquaintances. Frank made lots of friends while he was in Paris some years ago and the ones that he ran across recently were glad to meet and have a chat with him once again.

Harry V. Daugherty, of the Dougherty detective bureau, has been spending a vacation in Europe. Harry is a well posted man on the boxing game and he can talk fighting by the hour.

Good Boxers in Belgium

Belgium is turning out some good fighters, at weights up to welters. In the flyweight there is Montreuil, in the bantam, Scillie, the featherweight Hebrans, and Hobin for the welter. All four have held championship titles at their weights.

One of the best of the lot is Scillie. He is one exceedingly good bantam, very clever, and he is there with the punch. Hobin, the welterweight is also a very good man. Then we must not forget Rene Devos, who is now the middleweight champion of Europe.

Jack Root, who was the world's first light heavyweight champion, after spending a long vacation in Europe, most of which time was passed in Paris, regretted that he had to return to the States as soon as he did. Jack, however, will return to Europe very soon, he informed me, to spend even a longer length of time than he did on the past trip.

Jackie Johnston, Canadian bantam champion

Bob Sirvain and Jules Alverel had a ten round bout in Paris recently, which was won by Sirvain on a point decision. The winner is in line for the first crack at the European championship against Vinez.

Francis Charles, the French light heavyweight, who was knocked out by Paul Berlenbach, upon his return to France, had no excuse. Manager Hautemulley, however, said that Charles was not knocked out. "The referee stopped the fight to save my man from further punishment and I agreed with his judgment, but Charles was not knocked out," said the manager.

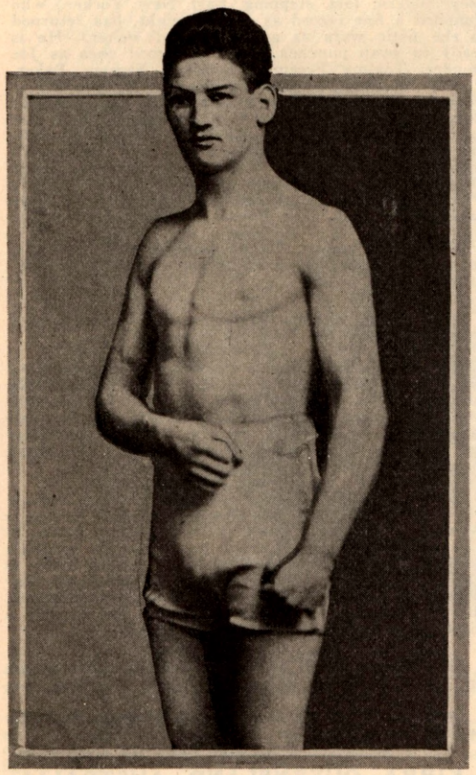
New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

When Gene Tunney battered Jack Dempsey to defeat in the rain soaked Sesqui Philadelphia ring last month, he became the sixth challenger to strip the purple robes from a titleholder in the course of the year. Victory has come to each new champion by a judges' decision after battles that left no doubt as to the winner.

Paul Berlenbach, rugged king of the light heavyweights, met smashing defeat at the hands of Jack Delaney in a thrilling fifteen rounder at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. Tiger Flowers smothered Harry Greb in fifteen torrid sessions in sending the middleweight champion down to stunning defeat.

The fourth major titleholder to feel the crush of a conqueror's power was



Jack Hood, an English scrapper under the management of Ted Broadribb. He is the undisputed welterweight champion of Europe

Mickey Walker, king of the welters, who fell before the attack of Pete Latzo, Scranton miner, in a ten round bout in Latzo's backyard last May. Rocky Kansas, winner of the lightweight title from Jimmy Goodrich in Buffalo, took his honors into the ring for the first time against Sammy Mandell in Chicago this summer and again a new king was proclaimed. The sixth mythical diadem holder to be beaten was Pinkey Mitchell, holder of the junior welterweight laurels, who went all the way to San Francisco to be relieved of them by Mushy Callahan.

The only champion to stand up like a major was Tod Morgan who successfully defended his junior lightweight crown against the onslaughts of Joe Glick, Williamsburgh idol. The Morgan-Glick encounter thrilled 10,000 frenzied fans at the new Garden.

Joe Jacobs, popular manager, is enjoying his first vacation in years. He was busy as the proverbial bee all of last summer helping to make matches for the Coney Island Stadium. Jacobs and Dundee make a happy combination.

Talking about future greats Teddy Broadribb has brought over from dear old Lunnon three of the best British scrappers seen in action here in a decade. The best of the lot, in our opinion, is his flyweight Teddy Baldock. What a sweet boxer and puncher! American experts are beginning to realize that he is the greatest English scrapper seen since the halcyon days of Jem Driscoll.

The kid has everything, speed, punch and the last word in science. He triumphed in three successive starts. He crowned his efforts in the New Garden by scoring a double kayo over Arthur De Champlaine, Canadian bantam. Jack Hood, Broadribb's welterweight, made a deep impression in his debut against the rough, tough Jimmy Jones. Although he got only a draw, Hood made innumerable friends by his wonderful uphill battle. Alf Mancini, who is a lightweight, came through with colors flying at the expense of Milton Jampole. He floored Jampole twice and beat him from pillar to post.

Jampole should have been counted out on the first punch but instead the referee at Mitchel Field permitted him to be assisted into the ring and all told about three minutes elapsed before the bout was resumed. Had the fight been fought in a club licensed under the Walker Law Alf would have scored a k. o. with the first blow.

Pete Reilly has a corking middleweight prospect in the young person of Jimmy Darrah, who hails from San Francisco. Pete thinks he's a world beater. He showed plenty of class the night he turned back Abd-el Kehr, Morroccan, in ten rounds. The Coast lad is a stiff puncher and has proven his worth under fire.

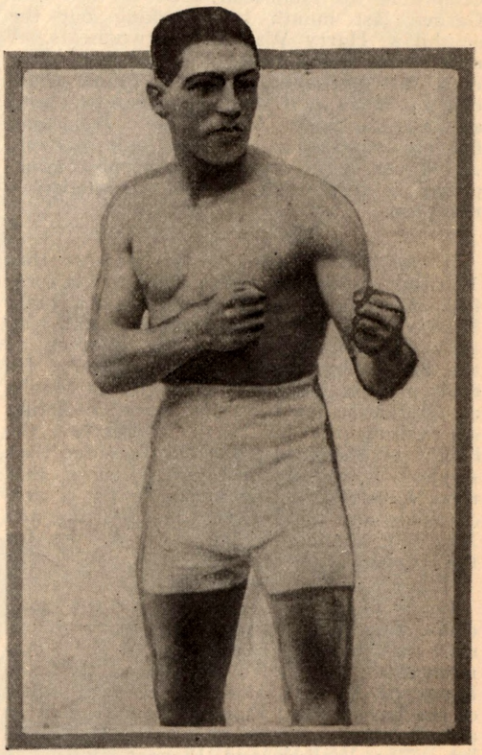
Eddie Routis, slam bang French featherweight champion, figures to clean up a fortune in these parts. He repeated over Eddie Anderson recently when the latter was disqualified in the fourth of ten scheduled rounds for hitting his adversary a low blow.

Bill Duffy is cleaning up with Walter Hogan, Ossining middleweight. The young, towering Hogan hasn't lost a "duke" in his first five starts under the Sheik's management. Another Duffy entry Irish Paddy Flynn, of Brooklyn, staged a successful comeback at the expense of Charley Sapko.

Wilbur Cohen, flashy Negro bantam, showed a return to old form by trouncing Eddie O'Dowd at the Ridgewood.

There is no stopping Tony Canzoneri, young star from Williamsburg. He came here from New Orleans. Pete Herman, former bantam champion, recommended him to Sam Goldman. The little Italian hasn't lost a fight in twenty or more starts. He crowned his efforts recently by whipping Georgia Marks, at the last Dexter Park show. Two weeks later he demonstrated his superiority over Benny Hall.

Franz Diener, German heavyweight champion, got off on the wrong foot in his first appearance in an American ring. Bud Gorman turned him back in decisive fashion.



Alf Mancini, crack English welterweight who outclassed Milton Jampole in U. S. debut at Mitchel Field. Alf is a pleasing two-fisted fighter.

Matty Mario, Staten Islander, is well thought of in local fight circles. He is a straight hitter.

Jack Hurley has three good scrappers under his wing. They include Billy Petrolle, Rusie Leroy and "Little Boy" Blue. Jack is cleaning up a fortune. His men are wanted any and everywhere.

Joe Silvers made good in the welter ranks by vanquishing Mike Reilly. He may make his mark in the 145-pound division. The class contains a bunch of clucks.

Joe Lynch, former bantam champ, is fighting again as good as ever. He polished off Frankie Murray, of Philadelphia, in three heats at Mitchell Field, and then distributed his "bit" which amounted to $300 between his manager and his handlers.

Jimmy Bronson chief second in Gene Tunney's corner, when the former marine dethroned Jack Dempsey, believes that in Tom Pivac of St. Louis, he has taken in tow one of the likeliest looking big fellows to pop into prominence in some little time. Pivac measures more than six feet in altitude, and al-

though he only weighs 170 at present, he is gradually filling out, and in another year, when he is fully developed, probably will scale 180. He is a strong youngster, rugged, aggressive and a good two-handed puncher, as his record of fifteen kayos in twenty-one starts would indicate.

Pivac is a native of Croatia, in Jugo-Slavakia, but has been in this country six years. In five bouts in the simon pure ranks Pivac accounted for five knockouts and one decision. Although there are no outstanding names in Pivac's record at present, quite a few of the Croatian's victims rated very well throughout the Mildle West, particularly Frank Borgman of Cleveland, Man Dugan of Harrisburg, Ill.; Jimmy Bean, the Tulsa Indian; and Joe Young of St. Louis.

Hiliario Martinez, lightweight champion of Spain and conqueror of Johnny Dundee, celebrated his American debut in the new Garden last month by knocking out the southpaw, Harry Wallach, in two heats. A right cross which he shot to Wallach's jaw in a fast exchange, laid low Frank Chirchill's protege as if shot. Martinez was born at Valencia, Spain, May 6, 1905. He began fighting professionally when only sixteen. Al Mayer, who used to be Firpo's interpreter, is responsible for the remainder of the yarn.

It was the intention of his parents that Martinez should follow the trade of his forefathers, that of bull fighter and young Hilario began life as assistant in a bull ring fully determined to work his way up to the highest rank among bull fighters. He took part in his first bull fight at Sevilla as apprentice matador, his work consisting of exciting the bull until he reached the height of his fury, when the matador then stepped in and finished him. Just at that time, however, boxing began to get a grip on Spain and other European countries, and Martinez abandoned the sawdust ring for the roped arena.

Looks like a banner winter for the small clubs. Four of them got off to a marvellous start last month. They included the Commonwealth, now called the Walker A. C., in honor of Mayor James J. Walker, father of the boxing law; Pioneer, New Manhattan and Broadway Arena, the latter in Brooklyn. The Walker and Pioneer clubs had two sellouts in a row. Lew Raymond threw in a flock of future greats in the Pioneer ring and half an hour before the show started, the S. R. O. sign was placed before the doors. Andy Neiderreiter has done remarkably well thus far at the Broadway. His first three shows were knockouts, competitively and financially speaking.

Charley Doessereck, one of the best matchmakers in the country, is at the Manhattan helm. He expects to show figures on the right side of the ledger, for a change. The Harlem sluggery has been a white elephant the last two years. Eddie McMahon, brother of Jess McMahon, matchmaker at the new Garden, has leased the Lenox. He also anticipates a banner season.

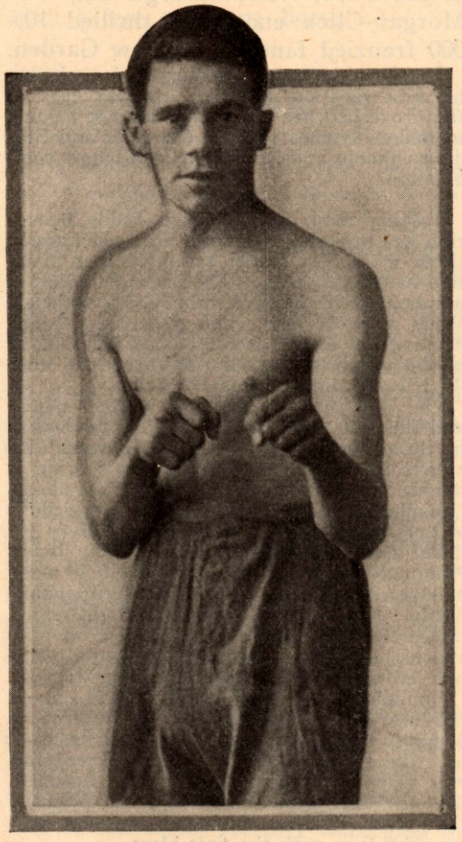
Which makes us believe the country is fight mad. The new Garden is making money hand over fist.

Frankie Fink, so-called Texas cowboy, turned in a glittering performance at the new Garden at the expense of Al Tripoli. Four nights later he suffered an unexpected setback at the hands of Jose Lombardo. Fink whipped the Panamanian by a few city blocks, but the officials ruled otherwise.

The lower east side is singing the praises of Sammy Dorfman. He created a tremendous upset by taking the measure of the experienced and hard-hitting Lew Hurley in six exciting rounds. The matchmaker of the Pioneer wisely rematched them.

Johnny Wilson, despite his defeat at the hands of Maxie Rosenbloom, is slowly but surely getting back into his old time form. He has had four good fights under his belt, and the time is not distant when he will be knocking at the door of Champion Tiger Flowers. The popular Italian always gives the customers a run for their money. Manager Frankie Marlowe will donate his share of the purse if Flowers consents to give him a return match. Marlowe is a born gambler and he can be taken at his word.

Babe Herman has deserted the feather ranks in favor of the junior welterweight division. The erstwhile Californian is



Teddy Baldock, most sensational fighter sent to this country by England in many years. He has whipped four good boys here in three weeks. He knocked out Arthur De Champlaine in Madison Square Garden in a minute and three seconds. Baldock is a wizard and should be in great demand. Teddy Broadribb is his manager.

anxious to get another match with Champion Tod Morgan.

Harry Lenny is bewailing his bad luck. He took over "tiny" Joe Stoessel and had him all primed for a killing in one of the prelims to the Dempsey-Tunney fight, but the Bronxite failed him something awful. Jack De Mave knocked him for a row of tenement brick houses to the great delight of the 140,000 gullibles. "Can't get a break," bemoaned Lenny.

Billy McCarney was one of a few who picked Tunney to beat Dempsey. The veteran manager touted Gene three months in advance of the fight. He stuck to his prediction right up to the first bell. But he didn't bet a thin dime. He could have gotten as high as 4 to 1 for his money.

Johnny McGrath sold Jim Maloney's contract for $10,000 to Dan Carroll, manager of Honeyboy Finnegan. McGrath and Maloney have been at swords point for a year or more. McGrath did the next best thing and sold his heavyweight to the highest bidder.

Brothers are by no means rare in fistic circles, but the novelty of two sets of brothers operating under the same management is considerably out of the ordinary. The Jimmy Bronson-Lou Brown troupe of leather pushers includes Jack and Pete Zivic, and Jack and Joey Katish. Strangely enough, all four boys hail from Pittsburgh, all four are of the same nationality—Croatian—and all four are former amateur stars. And, to make the coincidence complete, Jack Zivic and Jack Katkish are welters, while Pete Zivic and Joey Katkish are bantams.

Jack Katkish has been fighting professionally less than a year. A strong, rugged, everlastingly aggressive slugger, and a vicious puncher with either hand, he has been battering his way to the front of the welter division in a sensational manner. In his last two starts he whipped Irish Tommy Jordan and Bob Lowrie. Joe Katkish won the national amateur bantam title in Boston early this year, then was a member of the A. A. U. team that travelled to Buenos Aires to meet the South American champions. He turned professional upon his return home three months ago, and has since been a consistent winner. Three of the six bouts in which he has thus far engaged wound up via the kayo route. Joey is a husky youngster, and in action is a similar edition of brother Jack.

Tommy McInnes, Scotch welter, arrived in America recently. He is a native of Hamilton—the same town that Tommy Milligan hails from. He is a rough, tough, aggressive individual, and a good two-handed puncher. A sort of large edition of Wee Willie Woods, the flyweight. McInnes has been fighting three years, and in that time has only three decisions in something like thirty battles. About half of his scraps have been won by knockouts.

After a three-month vacation in the mountains Joey Silvers, fast stepping East New Yorker, who compiled a fine record as a lightweight, has returned to the fistic wars as a full fledged welter. He is ready to swap punches with such good ones as Joe Dundee, Tommy Freeman, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Pinkey Mitchell and Georgie Ward.

Incidentally, he is back with his first manager Nat Rogers. Nat dug him out of the amateurs a few years ago. Then he was a skinny, rangy lad weighing 108 pounds. In the 135-pound class he tangled with success against Sid Terris, Solly Seeman, Cuddy De Marco, Eddie Wagner, Tony Vaccarelli, Harry Felix, Sig Keppen, Pete Hartley, Johnny Mello, Ernie Izzard, Joe Glick, Lou Paluso and Frankie La Fay.

Johnny Pilkington, Harlam lightweight, continues to win. In his last start he outpointed Phil Richards.

Eddie Mead, who managed Joe Lynch, has a good looking prospect in John Patrick Sullivan.

Bushey Graham's friends cleaned up a fortune when the Utica speed boy defeated Chick Suggs. The former was on the short end. Bushey proved once and for all that he was the little negro's master, and reinforced his standing as the leading challenger for the bantamweight championship. Graham's boxing wizardry was a treat for the eye.

Greenwich Village is in deep mourning because their little idol Vic Burrone was beaten by Andy Martin, of Boston. They played second fiddle to Graham and Suggs. Burrone had taken the measure of Carl Tremaine and he figured to do the same to the Hubite. But Andy fooled the experts and New York fans alike by handing Burrone an artistic lacing. Burrone should not be discouraged. He is still a first class fighter.

Jack Moore thinks he has a diamond in the rough in Jackie Donohue, former A. A. U. champion.

Dominick Petrone's shoulder is healing rapidly. He will be seen in action shortly.

KIRRA, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

By R. A. CUMES

Harry Collins has retired. Harry's withdrawal from the fight game was occasioned through trouble with his eyesight. Collins was the most popular boxer Australia has had since the days of Lee Darcy. His retirement leaves the welter and middle titles open for competition.

Billy Edwards' prospects of gaining the middleweight crown are the brightest, while Brock and Butcher are the best of the welters.

Sunny Jim Williams, colored American middleweight registered his ninth victory for the year when he knocked out Marcel Thuru of France in four rounds.

Never in the history of Australian sport have so many first class grapplers gathered in this fair land for the purpose of pulling one another to pieces.

Ivan Laffineur won over Jack Cameron as Cameron was forced to quit owing to a sprained ankle.

The Jack Dempsey Shadow

By ED HUGHES

CALIFORNIA NOTES

By THERON FISK

Lightweights are all the rage in California today and some fine looking prospects are being developed.

Even the great Fred "Windy" Windsor has abandoned his twenty year hunt for a heavyweight champion (temporarily at least) and is bally-hooing a so so lightweight.

Cosmopolitan Los Angeles the biggest boxing center on the coast, has brought out the greatest array. Every night except Sunday is fight night. The clubs according to seating capacity and standing are; the Olympic, Vernon A. C., Hollywood American Legion, Washington, Culver City, Passadena and Main Street A. C.

Other centers are; San Diego, Bakersfield, Oakland and San Francisco.

Boys worthy of mention in this division are; Jimmy McLarnin Irish, without doubt the most scientific boxer in the world today, facinating to watch and a hard puncher. McLarnin in reality only a junior lightweight has a remarkable record. His knock-out of Joey Sanger, Milwaukee' and a clean cut decision over Joe Glick of Brooklyn speak for themselves.

Baby Joe Gans Negro, is a pretty boxer, hard puncher and a marvelous counter-puncher. Gans' outstanding feat was a decision over Mushy Callahan junior welterweight champion.

Jackie Fields, Jewish, a perfect image of Benny Leonard, is fast, clever and a fair puncher. Fields before turning pro was world's amateur featherweight champion.

Little Italy and Senora town, quaint little Italian and Spanish districts respectively, are for the first time a bit shy on talent.

Probably one incentive the boys here have is the applause which greets Leach Cross and Joe Rivers famous lightweights of yesteryears, now playing the role of referee.

Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey are winding up their vaudeville tour which netted them a nice bankrole and will be at home in a few weeks.

Teddy Hayes, Jack Kearns' man Friday arrived home and announced that he was a bridegroom again. The bride it is rumored is a prominent Hollywood picture actress.

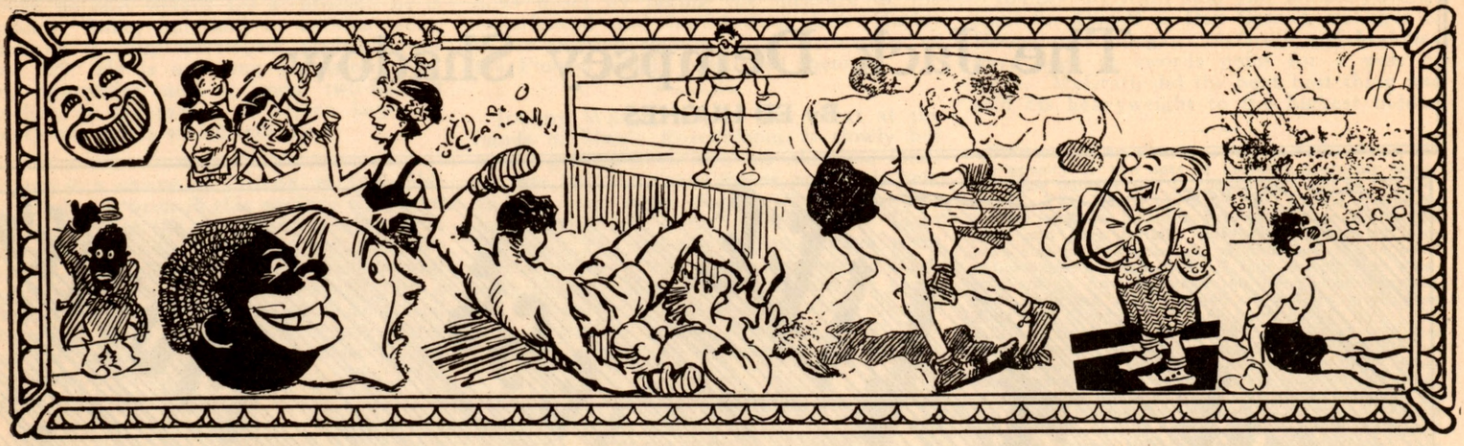
Jack Kearns added very little to his popularity at home, while Dempsey is a bigger hero in defeat than victory. It is rumored that the home coming will cool Kearns off a bit and that the two Jacks will get together again. The home town thinks that a Dempsey-Wills battle is the biggest thing in the books today and that Dempsey shorn of the title automatically eliminates all barriers which reretofore have held up their meeting. Dempsey to win goes without saying and if Tunney proves to be as accommodating a champion as Jim Jeffries, Jack will win the title back.

IN LOUISVILLE

The Business Men's Athletic Club has reoponed for the fall and winter. This club, which arranged many good cards last season, is in the field for star attractions. Jack Byrne, matchmaker, announces that he is ready to book any good scrappers who do not expect to get the world in return for their services.

Last season Harry Greb, Joe Lynch, Georges Carpentier, Pinky Mitchell and other stars fought here.

All photographs which appear in each issue of this book can be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y.



Minute Rests Between Rounds

FROM OREGON
By F. K. HASKELL

Ernie Owens, of Los Angeles, retained his title, lightheavyweight champion of the Pacific Coast, when he was given a draw with Harry Dillon of Winnipeg, Man.

It was a good fight with lots of action. Dillon was on the aggressive throughout. He kept boring in on his taller opponent and nullified Owens' long reach to a great extent by this plan of battle.

Benny Pelz outclassed Frankie Grandetta in the other ten round bout, a flyweight contest. The young Portland lad hit Grandetta almost at will and his blows carried weight. Only Frankie's superior boxiny ability and his great stamina and gameness kept him on his feet till the end.

The feature of the show was the remarkable comeback of Ralph Moore, Bend, Ore., lightweight, in the second preliminary. Moore was dropped twice for long counts in the first round and was exceedingly groggy when the bell sounded. He raced clear across the ring at the outset of the second and sank Reese for a nine count with one terrific punch. Reese got up only to have a second punch knock him senseless. Seconds for Reese didn't wait for a count but threw up the towel. Moore's purse was doubled by the Boxing Commission because of his showing.

Harry Hall of Seattle won a four round decision from Lefty Vaughn, of Portland, in the curtain raiser. They fought as heavyweights. The other heavyweight preliminary ended in the first round, Jimmy Lyall, of Portland, fouling Willis Kelly, of Vancouver, Wash.

Morris Schlaifer, Omaha welterweight, who was suspended during the summer by the Portland, Ore., commission applied for reinstatement and was notified that his application would be considered at a future meeting of the commissioners.

IN CALGARY, ALTA.

Roddy McDonald, of Drumheller, ex-middleweight champion of Canada, and Pete Charley, of Wayne, fought ten rounds to a draw at Drumheller.

Tommy Rogers, of Calgary, and Kid White, of Drumheller, fought a draw in Western Canada, in Vulcan, in the opening round of the Buxton Belt competition. Alf Bell, the popular promoter, was so satisfied with his attempt to revive boxing in Vulcan, that he announced that he has signed the two fighters to meet here again next month.

Referee Carter stopped the semi-final in the second round, giving Joe Wilson a Kayo over Bob Allison.

The Buxton boys, Sydney and Bill, with sparing partners Kid Manning and Darkey Marshall, all pupils of the Barney Doran gymnasium, got a great hand from the fans for their clever boxing.

Luxurious training quarters are opened up by Barney Doran.

Barney Doran, physical culturist, is showing more than the usual enterprise in his up-to-date gymnasium, in the basement of the Lethebridge-Victoria Hotel.

Bill Buxton, who is behind Mr. Doran in his venture, was a keen student of the fistic game in England before locating in Canada. He has two clever sons who give promise of going far in the ring game if they desire. The Buxton Belt, which will be put up for an elimination series to decide a welterweight champion of western Canada, is the donation of Mr. Buxton.

Frank Manyara, local clever Italian fighter, recently gave Young Cowie, a local featherweight, a severe drubbing in a ten-round bout, but the verdict was against him.

Tommy Rogers won by a knockout over Young Francombe, of Calgary, in the sixth round of their scheduled ten round bout. The men are welterweights.

IN IOWA RINGS
By BOB WAGNER

Elmer Leonard and Vilis Springs, local lightweights, boxed a sensational six round bout at the Des Moines A. C. with honors even.

Louie Mays of Des Moines, beat Tuffy Griffin of Sioux City in eight rounds at Ft. Dodge, Iowa. They are welters.

Buzz Griffin, Sioux City, middleweight, beat Dago Joe Gans, of St. Paul, in ten rounds at Ft. Dodge, Ia.

Leo Genet, Barberton, Ohio, knocked out Joe Thomas of Oelwein, Ia., in three rounds at Waterloo.

Lou Rollinger, of Chicago, and Geo. Bourland, of Des Moines went ten fast rounds at Waterloo, Ia. Rollinger's come-back in the last round earned him a slight shade over the negro lightheavyweight.

Glen Lage, of Des Doines, had an easy time wtih Speedy Malloy, of Denver, and knocked him out in three rounds at Des Moines, Ia.

Jimmy Dundee, of Williamson, Ia., beat Billy Lyons, of Des Moines, in six rounds at Riverview Park, Des Moines, Ia.

Jimmy Irigh and Jack Liddy, local welters, boxed six rounds to a draw at Des Moines, Ia.

Glen Lage, of Des Moines and Johnny Nichols, of St. Paul, went ten fast rounds to a draw at Muscatine, Ia.

Harry Soo Ouong Bill, Chinese flyweight of Des Moines, and Doc Hoffman's flyweight, Sid Kelly, boxed a fast six round draw at Milwaukee.

Glen Lage, of Des Moines, and middlewest welterweight champion, has signed for some important bouts this next month. He meets Shuffle Calahan at Peoria, Ill., and has an offer to box Tommy Freeman at Cleveland, Ohio. Lage has boxed Calahan a ten round draw and welcomes another chance at the sensational welter from Chicago.

The writer, Bob Wagner, will promote the indoor shows at Des Moines this winter and would like to hear from some first class boys, write him Crocker Cigar Store, Des Moines, Iowa.

The American Legion at Mason City will start the indoor season and will have Glen Lage, of Des Moines, box some good welterweight in the main event. The Legion has secured Ave Martin as matchmaker.

Morris Cohen has been secured by the Becker-Chapman post of the American Legion at Waterloo, Ia., and will make the matches for the post there. Cohen at present is trying to match Young Stribling with Lou Rollinger.

FROM GEORGIA
By COLEMAN McGRILL

Frankie Murphy, former local favorite, after spending several years on the Pacific Coast has returned here. He displayed his wares against Chuck Burns, one of Walk Miller's battlers, and won.

In another ten round bout, Spike Webb, a youngster from Charlotte, N. C., knocked out Syd Taylor in the sixth round. Benny Regan and "Honey Boy" Snipe battled ten rounds to a draw.

Larry Avera returned to the ring after a brief lay-off and made the journey to St. Petersburg, Fla., where he handed Jack Dennesey, claimant of the Canadian welter title, an artistic lacing.

Young Stribling hung a knockout on Buck Aston in the ninth round in a bout in Tampa, Fla.

Lukie Tenner, after a lay-off of several months, returned to the ring and boxed Dick Leonard in Savannah a 12 round draw.

Tommy Jones, claimant of the southern 126 pound title, scored an easy victory over Battling Barnet. Jones knocked the Battler out in the third round of a ten-round bout. Tommy is now recuperating from an operation that was performed here on his nose. Jones has been having difficulty in breathing. He no doubt will show better form now.

Pinkie May, Savannah bantom, defeated Benny Regan in ten rounds in a bout held in Jacksonville.

Battling Finch, sensational Savannah lightheavyweight, was an easy winner over Frankie Murphy in a bout held in St. Petersburg, Fla., the battler scoring a knockout in the third round.

Finch should prove a great attraction for the Atlanta promoters.

Chuck Burns, the Texas light heavyweight, and Finch should make a good attraction here. Finch is one of the best attractions that the Florida promoters have.

Max Abelson, who guides the fistic affairs of Frankie Gardini, is planning to have Gardini face either Tommy Jones or Hollis Sullivan in an Atlanta ring at an early date. Gardini has been spending the past several months in Cincinnati, where he showed against the best 130 pounders there. Gardini substituted for Sammy Sandow against Spider Lewis and won in ten rounds.

Walk Miller is now spending the greater part of his time on his Health Farm where he has his stable of fighters do their conditioning for bouts through the south as well as New York.

TRENTON FLASHES
By SOX PINTO

As a result of their bitter encounter at the Queensboro Stadium, Tommy Kid Murphy of Trenton and K.O. Billy White of Jersey City will probably be rematched in the near future. Murphy and White staged a furious ten round draw.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton's entry for flyweight honors beat Young Roxey of Newark in the feature bout of a benelt show held for McKinley hospital. The bout was very fast and went big with the fans.

Johnny Oakey of Trenton beat Ted Coolidge of New York in the main event at the Ocean View A. A. at Long Branch. In the semi Kid Bevo of Trenton took the long count in his bout with Bobby O'Neil of Long Branch. A right to Bevo's chin in the second round did the trick.

It looks like Tommy West, Trenton's middleweight, has hung up the gloves as he will soon join the police force.

Lew Tendler beat Joe Reno of Trenton in one of the four star bouts held at Shide Park at Philly.

The first indoor boxing show held in Trenton this season went over very big. In the feature bout of ten rounds Joe Reno beat Kid Emmons, Reno taking nine rounds and one going to Emmons.

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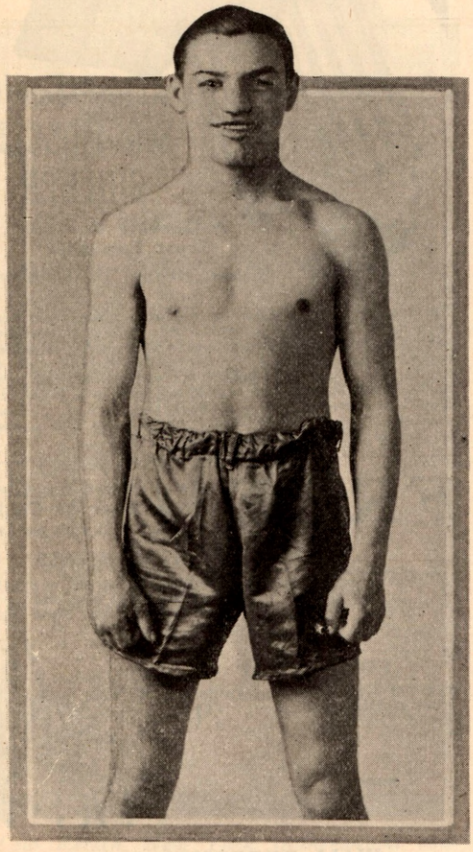
FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By Duke Barry

All the world knows of the devastation wrought by the hurricane that swept southeast Florida. But, despite the beautiful cities laid waste by one of the most terrific gales ever recorded in this section, many do not know that Miami, and her sister cities came up smiling and in a few days following the gale, reconstruction was fully under way. Cities, organizations and individuals have bended their efforts to reconstruct the devastated sectors. But, no little heroism was shown by a number of boxers and others connected with the sport in aiding the wounded, gathering up the dead and in other acts of succor that paralleled with a soldier on a battle field.

As this is written one boxer is unaccounted for. Frankie Bush, a light-heavyweight who was Jack Dempsey's sparring partner and who is under the management of Walk Miller of Atlanta, is apparently among the missing. Bush was to meet "Big Boy" Peterson of New Orleans, for Hugh Martin at Miami, on the Saturday of the storm. Arriving here, Bush set up training quarters in Hialeah, the sporting suburb of Miami. Hialeah is one of the cities that received the blunt of the hurricane. Efforts to locate Bush have been unavailing since the storm. Whether he is safe and had left Hialeah, or is wounded or dead is problematical.

Jimmy "Humpty" Mason, manager of a fleet of nose denters in Miami, narrowly escaped death and



Tony Canzoneri, slashing New York bantamweight, who recently defeated the sharpshooting Young Montreal. Canzoneri is one of the best prospects uncovered in a blue moon

then enacted the part of a hero. Leaving his apartment 10 minutes before it collapsed at the height of the hurricane, Mason wended and fought his way to the office of Promoter Ed Douglass. This is located at the residence of Miss Nannie Johnson. Arriving, Mason was just in time to wrap Miss Johnson and her niece in blankets and half carrying, half dragging fought his way to a hotel nearby. The roof had just blown off Miss Johnson's house when Mason arrived.

Jack Britton, former world's welterweight champion, apparently is being pursued by "Lady HARD Luck." Britton who has practically close to $200,000 invested in real estate in Miami and vicinity, recently with a partner opened a palatial drug, cigar and soda store. Visiting the premises and viewing the wreckage following the storm, Jack remarked to his erstwhile partner: "It's all yours, I am through."

Promoter Ed Douglass of Miami, was hit the most financially by the hurricane. His newly erecetd open air arena was a total wreck after the storm had vented its fury.

The night before the hurricane vented its fury on this section of Florida, over at Tampa, on the west coast of the state, Jim Downing was counting up the largest gate that ever happened in the cigar city. Downing on the Friday preceding the storm had shown Young Stribling, who won from Buck Ashton of Lancaster, Pa., in the ninth round. The gate was over $11,000. Following that shot, Stribling went to Atlanta, Ga., where he defeated Chuck Burns of San Antonio, Texas.

St. Petersburg and Tampa are another pair of cities that continue to do business at the old stand. Terry Nelson of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Arturo Schakles, the Belgium welter, topped the card at Tampa, just six days following the storm hitting the east coast.

Previous to the storm hitting Miami and vicinity, the Magic City were staging corking encounters. Garner Johns flyweight champion of the south, won the duke over Eddie Burl of Mobile, in a slashing bout. Tommy Tucker of Red Bank, N. J., defeated Tommy "Kid" Williams of Miami. Quina Lee of Mobile, defeated Frankie Rubia, the Filipino. They were fighting for the flyweight championship in a tournament conducted by Promoter Ed Douglass.

Genaro Pino, flyweight champion of Cuba, and Petey Sarron, fought a hectic 10-round draw at Hugh Martin's club. In the other half of the twin bill Mike Lolfey of Tampa, lathered "Irish Dan" Mahoney of Baltimore, and then knocked him out in the fifth stanza.

Bogie Saab, the former Birmingham walloper, now of Miami, has arrived in the Magic City, after flashing his punch successfully in Chicago, and then battling in his former city to a draw with Johnny Flynn.

Frankie and Leo, the Osner twins are again quartered in Miami. Frankie, the clever mittman, took a well earned vacation in the mountains of North Carolina. The popular battler will soon get going in Miami, where he is the outstanding favorite at this time.

Jimmy "Humpty" Mason, formerly of New Orleans, has a wonderful prospect in 16-year Jack Kelly, a welterweight. Kelly is a south-paw and an exceptionally clever boxer. When he fills out he promises to become a wham.

Ben Finkle, formerly of St. Louis, who pilots Nat Arno, Rene Duray, the French lightweight and other good boys, is trying to induce his buddy, Jimmy Gorry, the St. Louis assassin to forsake Chicago and return to Miami. Gorry is a prime favorite in Florida.

FLORIDA WEST COAST

In the following bouts held in St. Petersburg recently, Joe Kid Peck, ancient junior lightweight, was defeated by Frankie Osner, Oklahoma Cowboy, in ten rounds.

Young Lewis of Tampa, was compelled to quit in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round bout with Young Manuel when Lewis injured his right hand which is the main weapon.

Benny Touchstone, Miami heavyweight, scored a knockout over Jim Cox, Mobile heavyweight, in the sixth round of a ten-round bout.

Mike Loffley, Tampa ironworker, lost a close decision to Young Lewis in ten rounds.

Battling Finch knocked out Frankie Murphy in three rounds. In the semi-final Tut Seymore defeated Al McStay in ten rounds.

Young Lewis defeated Ben Ray in ten rounds of an interesting ten-round bout.

In Tampa, Armanda Shekels beat Red Maclachlin.

Gus Reyes of Key West, scored a quick knockout over Oscar Coleman, St. Petersburg, 126-pounder, when Reyes connected with a haymaker in the initial round of an eight-round go.

Barney Adair lost a close decision to Julian Jim Moran, and Artura Shekels knocked out Ted Kid Nelson of Brooklyn and Richmond, Va., in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Jimmy Reed defeated Joe Slovan in six rounds. Peter Revere, the little Spanish bantam, and Frank Valdes boxed an eight-round draw.

Tony Leto, claimant of the southern bantam title, by defeating Pinkie May and Harry Allen, is finding it rather hard to get matches with the southern boys. Leto is by far the outstanding 118-pounder in these parts as his victories over all opposition will show.

Tony Wallace former New Orleans welter, who is now making his home in Tampa, is going good these days. Wallace manages to hold his own against most all opposition and never fails to please the fans.

BOXING IN HAVANA

By MILTON BARON

For the first time in the history of Cuba, boxing has been at a standstill. In fact, the game there has been paralyzed to a serious extent. With the exception of a one-round K. O. of Sid Marks by Arturo Shakels, the Havana fans have been denied their usual weekly programs during September.

There seems to be plenty of promoters and an abundance of good fighters but the slowing down of fights has caused an unusual discussion in boxing circles. Rumor has it that the promoters are at fault and some of the high figures in the game claim that the commission here has been somewhat drastic in their actions towards the promoters.

However, there has been a noted increase in fights in the interior cities of Cuba. Camaguey and Santiago de Cuba have been holding as much as two fights a week with good attendances.

Eugene Fernandez boxed a ten round draw with

Chick Suggs, New England bantam and featherweight champion, who is desirous of taking a crack at Charley Rosenberg

Lillo at Camaguey. It was a sizzling affair and a big ovation was given both men.

Jesus Rodriguez, Spanish heavyweight, also travelled to Santiago de Cuba, where he will meet Goyito in a return match. Rodriguez recently knocked out Goyito in two rounds.

Antonio Iglesias is training hard these days and will soon be seen in the roped square. Iglesias is a colorful fighter and one of the popular boys in Havana.

Angel Giraldo, who has been in the hospital for several weeks, has just recovered from an operation on his nose and he is training hard to get in trim for several bouts lined up for him. Geraldo is a fast stepping featherweight as tough and game as they make them.

Many a tear was shed, also pocketbooks, when the news was received in Cuba that Jack Dempsey lost his crown. Everybody was sure Dempsey would defeat Tunney and they can't see how it happened. The Cubans are all "Dempsey" partidarious and would like to see him fight Tunney again. The writer, who made a special trip to Philly, was surprised to see the big change in Jack's style. His rushing attack such as he used in his fight with Firpo was missing entirely and Jack did not appear to be on the job.

Sid Marks, so-called Canadian lightweight, took a flop in his fight with Shakels, the Belgian welter. Sid, weighing 154 pounds went to the canvas with a heavy thud from one of Shakel's jabs in the first round. This is probably a record-breaker as the fight was over in two seconds. Marks was booed out of the stadium.

In the preliminaries on the same card, Kid Salgado gave Enrique Valdes an eight round lacing. Salgado pummelled Valdes all over the ring with right handers and Valdes didn't know what it was all about and welcomed the final bell.

We hope October will find an improvement in boxing here. There are at least ten thousand real fight fans in Havana, and when good fights are on the program the stadium is always jammed full.

FROM ALABAMA

By S. P. CARPRI

Johnny Flynn of Chattanooga, K. O.'d Jack Dean of Bessemer, in the fifth round of their scheduled ten-round bout of a double wind-up at the Birmingham Athletic Club. The boys are welters.

The other ten on the card was short lived, when Red Alford of West End put Tony Mareno of Ensley out in a minute and 38 seconds.

Tommy Mandell, of Ensley, fought a draw with Kid Harris, of Birmingham, and Sam Lavoy won a close decision over Battling Bozo. Johnny Flynn fought a draw with Fred "Bogy" Saab, of Miami.

Sailor Simpson, a wild slugger from south Ala., K. O.'d Red Clark, Boxing Instructor at the Y. M. C. A., in the seventh. They are middleweights.

Mike Romano, Italian welter, will soon swing back into action after being idle the past two months due to illness.

SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS

By JESS RISNER

Leo Dieble, Okla City lightheavy, knocked out Soldier Jack Lettner in the fifth round. Johnny Hughes, Galena, Kans., lightweight, scored a K. O. over Archie Patterson of Weir City in the seventh round. W. Jackson middleweight won easily in eight rounds from Babe Knaupp. Jim Fox gave Hamp McNally a real boxing lesson in the other eight round go.

Ft. Scott American Legion staged a boxing show in the New Memorial Building. In the main event Johnny Wagenon, Ft. Scott middleweight, knocked out Bernie Irvine of Tulsa in two rounds. Kid Franks and Cliff O'Donnell gave an eight round exhibition in the semi-final.

At Drumright, Okla., Wildcat Monte stopped Eddie Murdock in five rounds. Willie Jackson, welter, won an eight-round decision over Tommy Storie.

Bradford Simmons, colored heavyweight of Tulsa, won a decision in ten rounds from Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world at Drumright, Okla. Wildcat Monte won from his opponent in the ten round semi-final.

Tommy Irvine, Tulsa welter, beat Eddie Dwyer at Hutchison, Kans.

Hambone Ponders, colored lightheavy of Pawnee, Okla., fought a draw with Battling Norfolk of Memphis in a ten round bout at Tulsa, Okla. Kid Mack scored a K. O. over Young Blackman in the third round. Tommy Irvine outpointed Young Jack Johnson in a four round bout.

At Picher, Okla., Bob Collins and Joe Furgeson headed the program and fought ten terrific rounds with honors even. In the semi-windup Frankie Lloyd, featherweight, stopped Kid Pierce in three stanzas. Eddie Chambers and George Robinson fought six rounds to a draw. George Windham and Cyclone Penny fought four furious rounds in the curtain raiser.

Clausine Vincent and Kid Dorland fought ten hard rounds to a draw at Stillwater, Okla. These boys are lightweights.

JERSEY NOTES

By HARRY DOLFUSS

Charley Kid Murray, is now fighting in the best form of his career, and proved this by putting the skids to the well known Johnny Mitchell, of Easton in four rounds. Murray appeared the first week in September at the Fairview club against the ever willing Harry Larson in a fast slam-bang affair for eight rounds that had the fans standing on their feet.

Scotty McDonald, fightink Scot, for the second time within a month defeated Johnny Dixon, of Newark, in eight rounds at Long Branch.

Mickey Larkin, fast rising flyweight, scored two more knockouts to his credit when he flattened Frankie Myson at Egg Harbor in three rounds, and Jimmy Russell in seven at Bridgeport. Larkin would like to lock horns with Pee Wee Ross for South Jersey's flyweight supremacy.

Frankie Vance, who is forging to the front at a rapid clip in his class scored four more straight wins to his long list of victories when he defeated the highly touted Johnny DeMarco of Atlantic City, in eight rounds at Beach Haven, N. J., a few days later won over Roy McNeille, in eight rounds at Long Branch, the other two wins were over Johnny Curtin in Norristown, in eight rounds, and Carmen Sapnolia in six rolnds at the Philadelphia Cambria Club.

Charley Cunningham, of Camden, who has yet to meet defeat in 11 starts was held to a draw by Al Coulon in Norristown in six rounds. He also drew with Bobby O'Donnell in eight rounds at Beach Haven, N. J., and won over Terry Martin of Newark in six rounds at Long Branch, N. J.

Danny pramer, of Philadelphia, and Lew McFarland of Camden, fought eight terrific rounds with Kramer having a slight margin of the victory in the star bout at Fairview. Semi-final featured Lew Jackson of Pennsgrove stowing away Charley Mack, the old war horse of Camden in two rounds.

The Millville Football Athletic Association held their annual boxing benefit show. The star attractions were Jim Slimmer, Millville Star, and Honey Boy Evans, of Coaldale Team. The result was Evans handing Slimmer a beating in ten rounds before a large attendance.

Buck Fleming, who has just returned from the middleweight after a two months' tour, brought back two victories and made quite a name for himself out that way, and expects to return there for more competition. He kayoed Danny Krause in five rounds in Davenville. Ill., and stowed away Soldier Meyers in nine rounds at Milwaukee. Since his return he encountered Johnny Dixon, of Newark, twice, the first time winning easily over him in Long Branch, N. J., in eight rounds, and a week later both fought a draw in Camden in ten rounds.

Ralph Jannatty and Matt Engle, fistic partners, of Atlantic City, are keeping their stable of fighters very busy throughout Jersey and Pennsylvania. They have under their wing Young Freddy Welsh, a hard-hitting lightweight; Gene Moretti, welterweight contender; Harry Larson, a tough lightweight; Tony Russo, a classy featherweight, and "Clown Papers" Jimmy Kelly, the seashore jumping-jack that always provides a thrill with his fighting.

Nig Haves, Atlantic City's sportsman staged his annual boxing show for the Third Ward Republican Club at the Bacharach Park before five thousand fans, and contributed well to charity as the profit was turned over to the crippled kiddies of the resort. The main go featured Danny Kramer winning over Wilbur Cohen of New York. Vincent, Mexican, defeated Pug Brown, of Chicago, in the semi-final. Eddie Dempsey won over Kid Brooks. Midget Wolgast stopped Charley Hoffman in three stanzas, and Moe Newman registered his seventh straight knockout over Johnny Brown.

Vince Forgione, of New York, won over Bobby Barrett, of Clifton Heights, Pa. Jeff Smith, veteran of many years outpunched Jack Palmer, of Philadelphia. Al Brown, of New York, outclassed Davey Adelman, Pennsylvania flyweight champion. Harry Blitman, in his second and third professional debut at Bacharach Park, knocked out Earl Sande twice. The first ended in the seventh and the last in the second round. Both are portsiders and furnished plenty of socking.

Mickey Blair, Camden's lightweight pride, reversed the decision over Sammy Moffo, of Bristol, in the ten round main go at Camden Ball Park. He also scored another victory in easy style over the hard-hitting Freddy Jackson, of Philadelphia, in ten rounds at Fairview.

Mendell Bailus continued his winning streak by easily defeating Rocky Stone in six rounds at Mt. Holly, and later stretching Jock Stroppe in 58 seconds at Millville. Mendell will soon be hopping on a ship for home to see his parents in Russia for the coming holidays, and expects to return by spring.

Joe Tiplitz, veteran lightweight, who, a few years back loomed up as a dangerous contender for Benny Leonard, was suspended for life by the New Jersey Commission, when he was ordered out of the ring in his bout with Georgie Russell in the sixth round. This was on account of Tiplitz being in very poor shape and could not do himself justice. Tiplitz at present is a physical wreck, and the condition he is in, should be advised to stop boxing.

Joe Wenke, Atlantic City Promoter, Sam Camoratta and Ray McCarney, and a number of Camden business men have leased the Armory for the winter, and expect to put on the shows the best that money can secure.

FROM SYRACUSE

By G. E. SCHARFF

At the last show of the Arena A. C., Jackie Brady, Syracuse, K. O.'ed "Cuddy De Marco," Pittsburgh's leading contender in the fifth round of a ten round bout.

In the other half of the double wind-up George Courtney, Oklahoma, stopped Frank Moody of Wales, in the fifth round. Moody was floored ten times before the bout was stopped.

Ralph Brady, former lightweight, has decided to quit boxing. He has opened one of the finest equipped gymnasiums in N. Y. State, located at 708 No. Salina St.

Charlie Celli, pilot of a huge stable of high class boxers, has decided to move to the big city and hereafter can be reached at 76 79th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

There is a rumor afloat that the Arena is on the market and a New York syndicate may step in.

Joe Netro, Peerless, matchmaker of the Arena A. C., has resigned and from now on will pilot Young Testo, Troy welter.

Frankie Tropia, who has won his last dozen bouts via the K.O. route, left for N. Y. City, where he will spend the winter.

Bill Goethe, Syracuse heavy, lost on a foul to Bud Gorman at Albany last show.

Nick Testo, Troy, scored a tech. K.O. over Red Herring at Troy. Herring suffered a broken rib.

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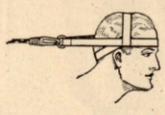

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R-11

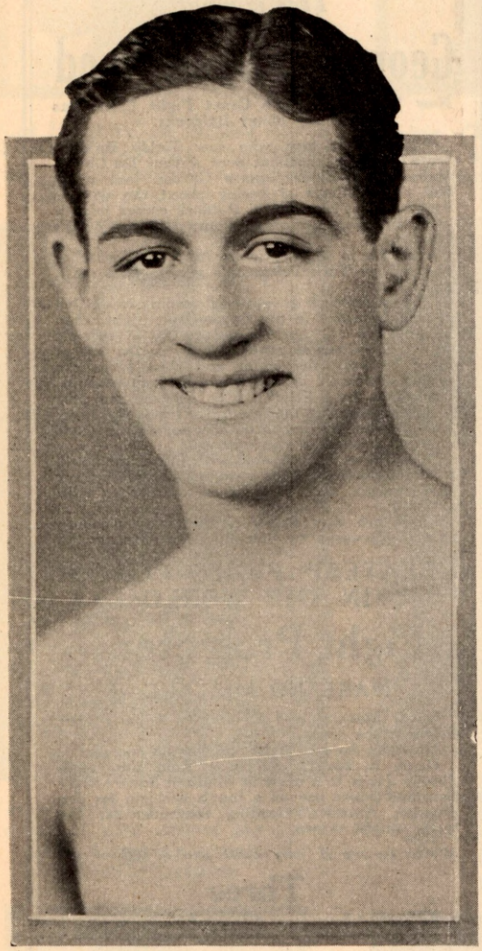
NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

The Suffolk A. C. of Boston will present their boxing shows in the Boston Arena in the future with a seating capacity of 15,000. Promoter Tom Goodwin made a ten strike when he landed the option on Beantown's largest indoor arena. He intends to stage bouts between New England stars in their respective classes with the very best boys attainable throughout the country. The other boxing clubs in this vicinity will use the old standby, Mechanics Building, as in the past.

A New Englander smashing his way into the front ranks of the featherweight class is Johnny Harko the "Polish Flash" from Manchester, N. H. He is a pocket edition of Harry Greb in action and never fails to give satisfaction in his starts against all comers. He defeated Terry Parker at Jack Murphy's Lynn Casino in his last start and his whirlwind style made him a pronounced favorite in the Shoe City. Ray Cass who piloted Frankie Britt of New Bedford a few years back is Harko's mentor.

Young Montreal of Providence, that grizzled old veteran of many a hard fought battle, defeated



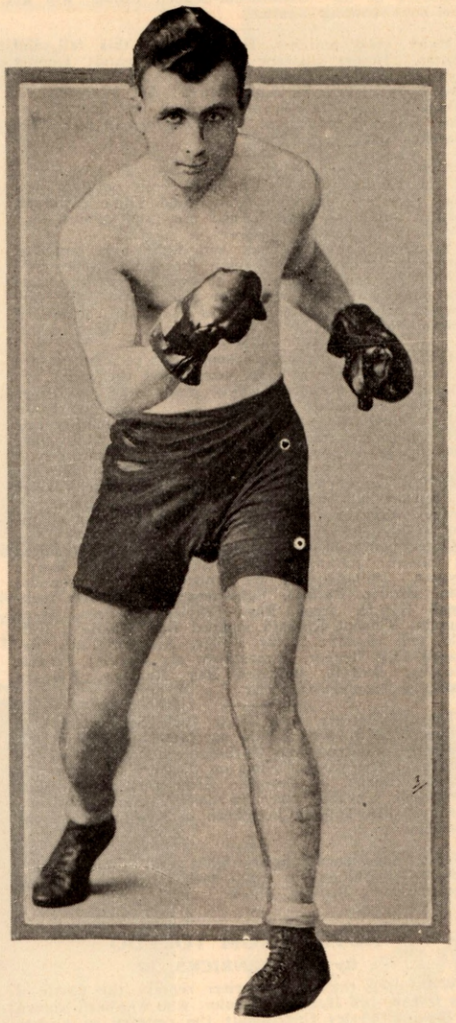
Lew Kersch, New York featherweight contender. Watch his smoke!

Bushy Graham of Syracuse in a sensational battle at Providence and by so doing pushed himself once more into the money class. His feat is the talk of boxing circles in this section as Monty was considered through.

Al Lacey, long and favorably known in boxing circles in New England, is conducting a Gym which is a model of its kind. In fact it is one of the very best in these parts and scores of local and visiting boxers are grasping time by the forelock and are whipping themselves into shape for a busy winter campaign under the watchful eye of Genial Al who was the trainer of the last Olympic Boxing team. The Gym is located at 232 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass.

Three of America's leading featherweights — Chick Suggs, Hineyboy Finnegan and Red Chapman are exhibiting their prowess in different parts of the country this month and fans in any section who are fortunate enough to witness any of these boys in action are sure to vouch for their ability to cope with any title contender.

Al Friedmann, that popular Boston Heavy who was a "wow" in the amateurs and then joined the money chasers has slipped over to New York where he will make his headquarters in the future. He is a very good prospect and with proper handling is sure to be heard from in the big town.



Al Tripoli, "Jack Williams," 1924 Olympic bantam champion, who is doing good work in New York

Bobby Lowerie the fighting Scotchman now living in South Boston meets Bobby Brown of Lowell at the Casino A. C. Lynn, this month and the boxing fans in Lynn are sure to witness a torrid scrap between two of the best club fighters in this vicinity. Billy Griffin, Lowerie's manager keeps his protege busy.

With boxing clubs operating in Lynn, Salem, Portland, Manchester, Providence, Fall River, Worcester, Holyoke, Lowell and the Boston promoters outbidding each other for the services of stars of the boxing world, it can be readily seen that little old New England is playing its part in the interest of that great sport boxing.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By JULES D. BECK

The Majestic Athletic Club at McKeesport inaugerated its fall season on Sept. 16. The headliners were, Johnny Hamm from Braddock and Davey Adelman. They fought a vicious ten round battle but Davey was too much for Hamm.

The semi-final was fought by Tommy Crowley and Ernie Friedlander from Philadelphia. Friedlander, being a new comer in this locality, made a very creditable showing. He lost by a scant margin.

Willie Davies, Charleroi's flyweight title aspirant, showed Cleveland fans some real fireworks when he defeated Emil Paluso from Salt Lake City at the Olympic Arena.

Bobby Young, Duquesne featherweight, is now in Detroit where he intends to engage in a few bouts. Young is a sturdy little fellow and a rugged mixer.

Motor Square Garden at Pittsburgh, with Johnny McGarvey as match maker, plans a busy season. While in Philadelphia and New York recently Harvey managed to line up some of the star talent of the east for his coming shows this winter. Harry Greb, Jack Zivic, Duddy DeMarco, Maxie Rosenbloom, Willie Davies, Shuffle Callahan, and a few other stars are amongst those that he will use. Motor Square Garden has a seating capacity of 12,000.

Tommy Maxwell, the Erie promotor, continues to pack them at his weekly shows, Erie, at last, has a promotor and match maker who is giving the town some good clean entertainment that shows a good sized balance at every show to his credit. Good boy Tommy, keep it up.

Phil Scello is a classy junior welter weight. His manager, Dugey O'Hara, will shortly take him on a tour throughout the state and intends to book him with some opposition to determine his true and real worth.

Harry Keck, sport editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette, certainly hit the mark when he came out with his declaration that Tunney would be a certain winner in his coming fight with Dempsey. It seems that Keck as one of the very few that picked Tunney to turn the trick.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

The Harrisburg A. C. opened its doors with an all star card on Oct. 4. Joe Wenke and Doc Hamm are the promoters.

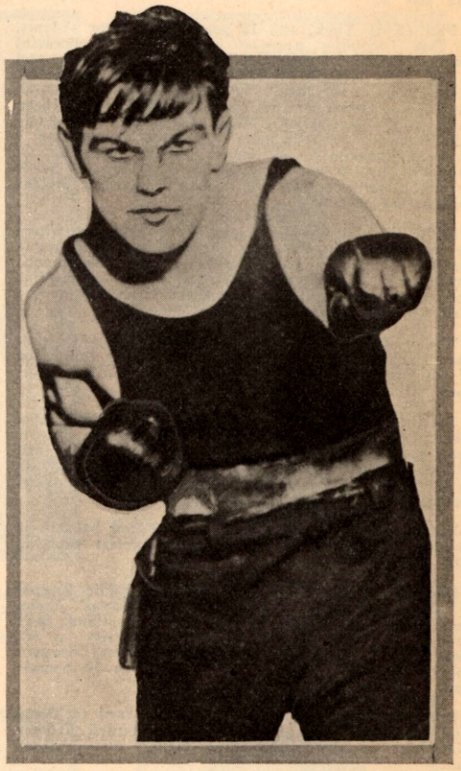
Tim Droney, Lancaster veteran middleweight, won the judges' decision over Jimmy McDonald, of Philadelphia, in the latters home town last month.

Dick (Johnny) Curtin, Lebanon's popular lightweight, lost the judges' decision to Frankie Vance, of Philadelphia at Norristown. Curtin was outweighed seven and a half pounds.

Carl Young, Lebanon middleweight, gave Joe Bush of Philadelphia a beating in another six rounder on the same card at Norristown. Young had Bush down for the count in the second round and gave him a beating in every round.

Len Brenner, Lancaster featherweight, was stopped in the fourth round by Johnny Jadick, of Philadelphia, in the windup of a show staged at the Cambria Club.

Steve Nitchie, of Lancaster, lost the decision of the judges to Harry Scott, of Atlantic City at Read-Philadelphia last month.



Jimmy Goodrich, erstwhile lightweight champion, who is making more money than he did when he held the title

ing last month. They are featherweights and the fight was an eight round affair. Alex Hart of Philadelphia won from Pep O'Brien of Scranton in the eight round wind-up.

Dick Curtin, Lebanon lightweight, is booked to appear at Harrisburg on Oct. 4 against Young Brackenridge of the Capitol City.

Dick "Young" Holke, Lebanon's rugged middleweight is open to meet any boy in his division. Holke never fails to please.

Nathan Groskey, Lebanon's hard-hitting heavyweight, is getting in shape for several fights. Nathan shows great foot work for a heavy fellow.

If Groskey keeps up the good work it won't be long before he will be after Tunney. He would like to meet Battling Levinsky, Matt Aggie, Monte Munn or any others in his division.

Red Delp, middleweight scrapper of Reading expects to be busy this winter.

Rosey Stoy and Willie Siple are other Lancaster battlers who are going good at the present time. Stoy is a featherweight and Willie is a bantomweight.

MAINE MUSINGS

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

The Utah Kid continued the winning streak of his come-back knocking out Cyclone St. Louis at Milford, Sept. 2nd, and then by outpointing Dusty Dumont on Labor Day at the Bar L Ranch. Then, K. O. Brown of Biddeford, who put an end to the list of successive victories of Cyclone St. Louis and Jimmy Maroon, formerly Bangor's idols, held the Utah Kid to a draw.

Cyclone St. Louis entered the ring against the Utah Kid in wonderful shape following a long training grind at Cold Stream. But, after making a fine showing, finally succumbed to the terrific battering of right hooks back of the neck. A right to the body broke a rib and the game Old Town battler failed to answer the bell for the seventh. A packed house of 700 saw this show of Jack Shumway's at the Milford town hall.

Dunc MacDonald is making few friends among the fans who are becoming disgusted with Dunc's method of sending the Utah Kid out to clinch and rabbit punch his opponents. If Dunc wishes his period of financial success to last, he must make the Utah Kid discontinue his present wrestling, mauling tactics and fight in the open as he did in the old Bolodrome days.

Lou Bogash had the better of Frank Moody at the Labor Day show in Portland. The Bridgeport light-heavy had the edge in 8 to 12 rounds.

K. O. Chubbock, Skowhegan welter and half owner of the Bar L Ranch is one of the busiest of local boxers. He got a draw with rough, touch Irish Barney Grant at Milford although K. O. took a terrific beating in the last round. Then, on the following night he defeated K. O. Liberty of Lewiston in one of the most thrilling battles ever seen at the Bar L.

Phil (Kid) Yuck, the 18 year old Bangor Adonis, is fast becoming a most popular and successful feather weight. He held Wildman Querian even and a few days later knocked out his former conqueror, Kid Peters and lost a close decision to K. O. Stephens. Other Maine semi-final boys have been busy in the last month. Out at the Bar L, Seattle Kid Richards is redeeming lost prestige, scoring 9 straight knockouts. Wildman Querian beat K. O. Stephens by a wide margin and Dostie Richards sprung a surprise, stopping Young Lessard of Biddeford in the second.

Eddie Shevlin has left Bangor for Portland where he will umpire in the New England base ball league for the remainder of the season. The Dartmouth Professor is planning a come-back to the ring game and is perfectly willing to meet the Utah Kid at the welter weight limit.

The writer is one of many Maine fans who hope that Cyclone St. Louis will reconsider his intentions of retiring after his defeat by the Utah Kid at Milford. Cyclone made many friends here.

Sterling Richardson, with the aid of brother Vic of Boston, presented a card at the Chateau in Bangor that was, like its promoter's name, "Sterling." Jack Elliot of England drew with Jimmy Amato White in 12 rounds. Tony Carney of New Bedford K. O.'ed Young Cunard of Lewiston in the first.

Emery (Kid) Canaba, the crack Sanford bantam is now in Philadelphia, under the managerial wing of Phil Glassman.

Newport Johnny Brown knocked out Eddie Russell of Montreal in two rounds at Chick Hayes' Arena show Sept. 28th. Bobby Jones of Portland beat Freddy Sullivan of Northeastern University in six close rounds. A few days before this bout, Newport Johnny beat Bert Brown of Toronto in 12 rounds that fairly bristled with action.

Jeff Smith, a former Maine boy, returned to Portland after a long absence and outpointed Homer Robertson of Pittsburg in a rather uninteresting bout.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan is back from his trip to the southwest where he defeated Kid Lencho, of San Antonio, champion of that section. Ryan says Lencho is a corking good young fighter and will be heard from in the 118 pound class. Ryan also won over Paul Stedman in St. Louis and Pete Kelly in Houston.

Ryan expects to box Chick Suggs and Bushey Graham this fall, and there is a possibility that he may box Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg in a title match at 118 pounds.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo welterweight, was awarded the duke over Maxie Rosenbloom by the judges in a hectic twelve-round bout at the Queensberry A. C. here on Sept. 20. Schoell fought a beautiful battle and the newspapers were unanimous in backing up the verdict of the officials.

Rosenbloom fought his usual pleasing battle, always trying for a knockout, but found himself up against a very clever lad in Schoell.

The largest crowd of the season turned out for the Schoell-Rosenbloom match. Buffalo is a good fight town but the fans insist on the best and no second raters can draw any dough here. More matches of the Rosenbloom-Schoell caliber will get the boys coming again.

Many good matches loom up for this fall and winter. Jimmy Slattery vs. Art Weigand; Tommy Ryan vs. Carl Tremaine; Jimmy Goodrich vs. Johnny Sacco; Jack Pry vs. Lou Scozza; Art Weigand vs. Maxie Rosenbloom; Frankie Schoell vs. George Levine, Sailor Freedman or Tommy Freeman and other matches look very good.

New faces are always coming and old ones going in the boxing game. We have three or four new ones here now in Paul Brown and Eddie Mischler, former amateurs, who turned pro, and others.

Whether Rocky Kansas will fight any more or retire for good is not known just yet. Rocco still thinks he can whip most of our lightweights and may take another whirl at the game this fall. Kansas can beat a number of the title chasers, if not all of them.

Buffalo boxers, most of them good performers, are getting ready for a busy season and the gyms are full of glove pushers getting ready for all comers at their respective weights.

Jack McDonald and Joe Burke have a mighty fine little club in Jamestown, N. Y., and they are drawing good crowds at the Coliseum in that city.

Bobby Tracey won the verdict over Archie Walker in ten rounds at the Veledrome club, Sept. 27. Tracey was too fast for the former amateur champion.

Other bouts on the Veledrome club's card resulted as follows: Johnny Sacco, Buffalo, defeated Morrie Tyman, Philadelphia, by knockout, five rounds; Paul Brown, Buffalo, light-heavyweight, won technical K. O. from Roy Jeffries, Buffalo, three rounds; Vincent Kinkaid stopped Ray Maxfield, Buffalo, two rounds; Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls, defeated Cliff Becker, Jamestown, six rounds; Freddie Mueller, Buffalo, defeated Ray Romney, Niagara Falls, six rounds.

Jimmy Slattery won from Jack Schoerndorf, of Milwaukee, in six rounds at Jamestown, Sept. 27. Slattery outboxed and outfought Schoendorf at all stages of the game. Next on Slattery's program is Tommy Burns, of Detroit. After this match Slattery will probably have to meet stiffer opposition. He may box Tommy Loughran in New York at the Garden.

Good experienced lightweights and junior lightweights should get in touch with Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENRICKS, JR.

With deep regret the writer reports the death of his father, Jim Henricks, Senior, who was well known in boxing circles throughout the country as a successful manager and handler of boxers. He died on the morning of September 11 after a two weeks illness. The death came as a terrible shock to the family and friends as his kindly disposition won him a place in the hearts of all relatives, friends and business associates. Serving as casket bearers were Joe Dailey, Lee Corns, Jerry and Jimmy Shea, local boxing promoters; Joe Packo, light-heavyweight boxer, and Jack Hayes, a close friend of the deceased.

Carl Tremaine of Cleveland, who has boxed here many times in the bantam class, made his debut as a featherweight against Phil Verdi of Rochester, in a twelve-round bout on September 3rd. Tremaine won decisively.

Joe Moore of Detroit, trounced Let. Philbin of Toledo, in the eight-round semi-final. Al Marchant of England, and Mickey Dugan of Cleveland, went six hard fought rounds to a draw. Jimmy Rader of Detroit, won on a foul from Andy Bowen of Cleveland, in the third round of the curtain raiser.

Chuck Wiggins of Indianapolis, mauled and battered Mike Wallace of Cleveland, until he was helpless and then kayoed him with a sharp right uppercut in the fifth round of their bout here on September 10.

Chuck Feldman of Toledo, and Johnny Weber of Detroit, battled eight furious rounds to a draw in the semi-final. Tom Sayers, Detroit heavyweight, scored a knockout over Jimmy Murphy of Cleveland, in the sixth round of another scheduled eight rounder. Harold Knopp of Toledo, stopped Freddie Beal of Detroit, in the first round of the curtain raiser.

Merle Alte of Indianapolis, won on a foul from Benny Gershe of Cleveland, in the fourth round of a scheduled twelve-round main event on September 15. Up to the time of the foul the bout was very interesting with Gershe in the lead by a slight margin.

Billy Staub of Detroit, shaded Tommy Milton of Toledo, in the eight-round semi-final. Ward Sparks of Detroit, won from Andy Bowen of Cleveland, in a six-round prelim. and Chuck Byers of Toledo, beat Tommy Roperts of Detroit, in another six-rounder.

Tommy Bunch of Fort Wayne, Indiana, now fighting out of Toledo, journeyed to Dayton, Ohio, on September 20, where he fought a slashing ten-round draw with Shifty Dando of that city. Bunch made a tremendous hit with the Dayton fans and is sure to show there again in the near future.

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JACK HOOD

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ALF MANCINI

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George B. Underwood

New York Telegram's Great Fight Critic has to say about Baldock:

"10,000 fight fans who saw Teddy Baldock score a double knockout over Arthur De Champlaine in Madison Square Garden last night had the privilege of seeing about the world's best boxer at his weight. Baldock comes mighty close to being a second Jimmy Wilde. Watch him."

And this is what Francis Albertanti, another of the New York Telegram's great sports staff, said:

"Teddy Baldock gave an astounding exhibition of ring wizardry in the Garden last night when he knocked out De Champlaine in 32 seconds only to be forced to continue because the referee failed to hear the count and then score the second knockout in one minute, three seconds. He is the best little fighter Europe has sent to these shores in many years. He is lightning fast, punches hard with both hands and in short is the last word in ring science.

"Baldock will be flooded with offers for bouts with top-notchers if he remains in this country long enough. It is a pleasure to watch him in action."

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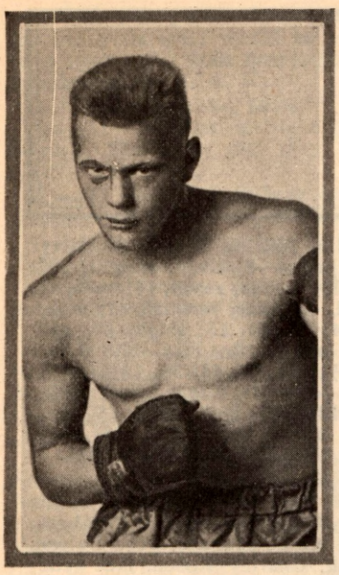
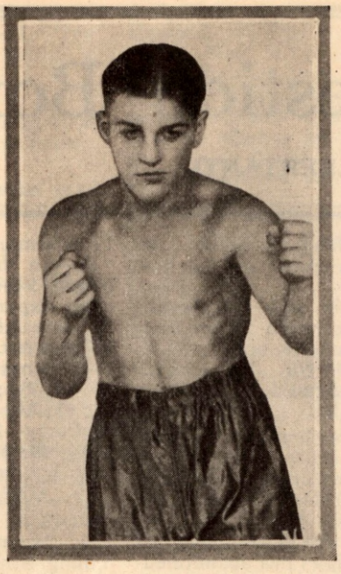
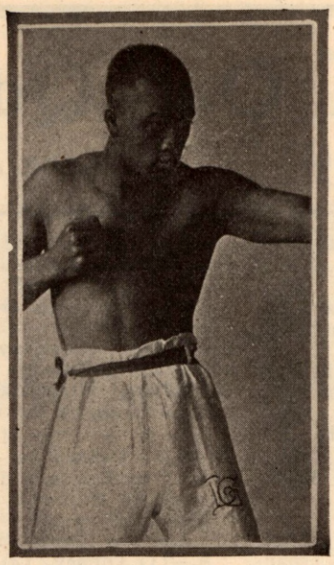


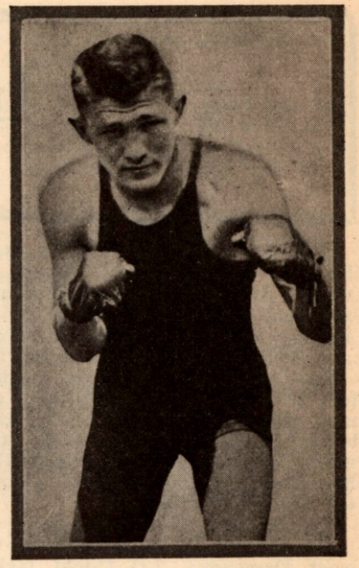
Jack De Mave, the Golden Boy of Washington Heights, who knocked out Joe Stoessel in a Dempsey-Tunney preliminary bout.



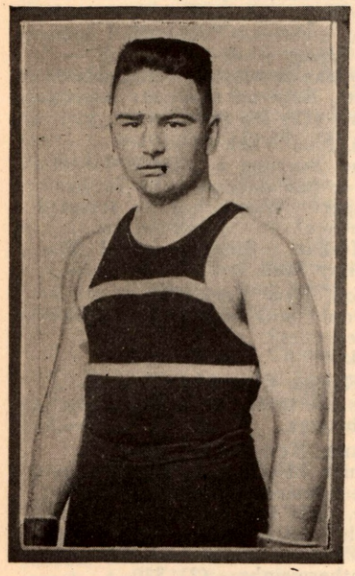
Mickey Chapin, Scranton lightweight, a youngster who looks better in each start.



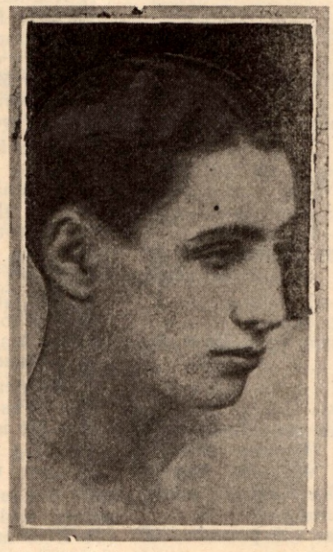
Larry Gains, former amateur, who is back from Europe. He beat Bud Gorman at Toronto recently.



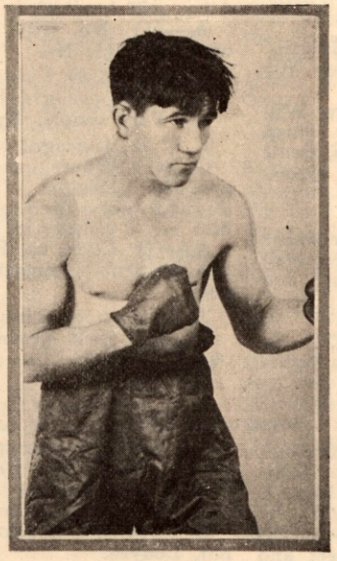
Amos Kid Carlin, New Orleans bantam, best of the Crescent City's representatives in the 118 pound class.



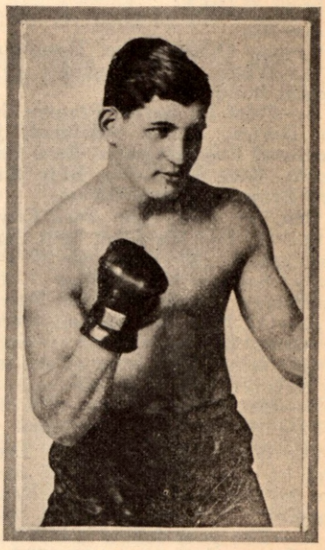
Tommy Freeman, Cleveland welterweight, who stopped the sensational winning streak of Shuffle Callahan.



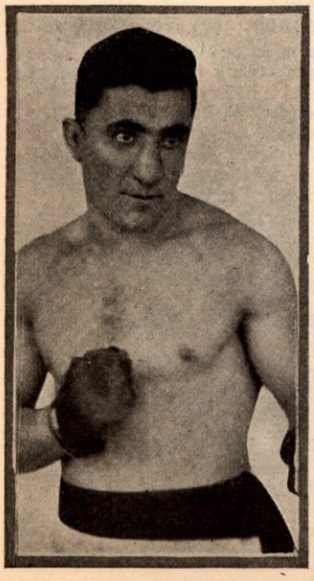
Maxie Holub, junior-lightweight from Ohio, who bids fair to make his name in the pugilistic world.



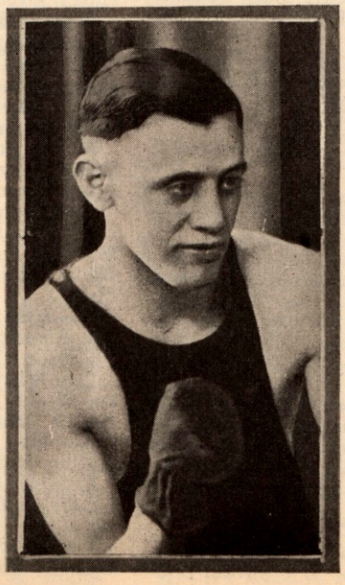
Johnny Adams, Pacific Coast lightweight, making remarkable strides in his comeback attempt.



Johnny Grosso, promising heavyweight of Mount Vernon, being tutored by Billy Gibson.

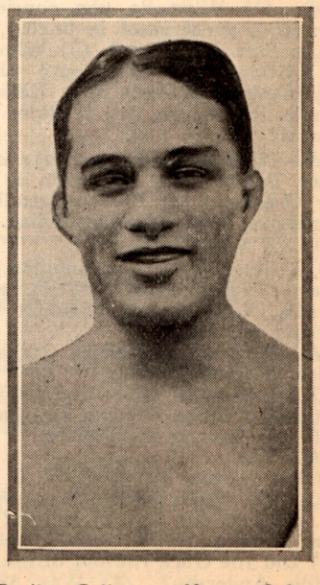


Sid Barbarian, Armenian lightweight from Detroit, rated one of the best in the lightweight division.



Joe Azzerella, lightweight of Milwaukee, fighting the top-notchers around the middle-west.

George Day, New Haven lightweight, who recently fought Steve Smith for the championship of Connecticut.



Basil Galiano, New Orleans crackerjack fighter, who is now fighting in the welterweight ranks.

In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Q.—(1) Will Jack Delaney beat Burlenbach in another bout? Could he defeat Greb? What are his measurements? Who are some of the old timers he could have defeated? (2) Who would win between Wills and Willard, and Wills and Jeffries?

A.—(1) Yes. Yes. Age, 24; height five feet 10 inches; neck, 17 inches; chest normal, 40; chest expanded, 44; reach, 75½; biceps, 13½; forearm, 13¼; thigh, 21; waist, 32½; ankle, 8¾; weight, 175. Eddie McGoorty, Jimmy Clabby, George Chip. (2) Willard, Jeffries.

Ed. Reardon, New York City.

Q.—(1) At what weight did Carpentier meet Dempsey? (2) Could Jack Kiernan defeat Morris Meola? (3) Is Tommy O'Brien the hardest punching lightweight?

A.—(1) 174. (2) No. (3) No.

Julian Edshy, Oakland, Cal.

Q.—Did Mickey Shannon ever fight Midget Smith?

A.—No.

George (Kid) Rudie, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Q.—What are the names of some flyweight boxers?

A.—Fidel La Barba, Frankie Genaro, Willie Davies, Davey Adelman, Joey Ross, Corporal Izzy Schwartz, Emil Paluso, Ernie Jarvis, Nick De Salvo, Billy Kelly, Newsboy Brown, Georgie Rivers.

Ben Weinfeld, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Joe Glick fight Sammy Baker last year? (2) Who would win between Solly Seeman and Ruby Goldstein and Stanislaus Loayza and Sid Terris?

A.—(1) No. (2) Seeman, Terris.

Jimmy Serreta, Canton, Ohio.

Q.—What do I have to do to get fights in New York"

A.—Get a license.

Sam Holke, Cleveland, Ohio.

Q.—What has become of Leo Johnson? Did he fight Greb and Jeff Smith? Who are the best men he fought? Was he a good fighter?

A.—The poor fellow is blind. He is conducting a cigar store at 135th Street and Lenox Avenue. He did not fight Greb and Smith, but he fought Benny Leonard, Abe Attell, Joe Welling, Patsy Cline and Willie Jackson. He was a good scrapper.

Arthur J. Piccoli, Utica, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What do you consider Bushey Graham's great asset in boxing, and is he faster than Sid Terris? (2) Who would win in a Graham-McLarnin bout? (3) What are the nationalities of Jack Delaney, Patsy Doyle, Pal Moore, Ace Hudkins and Bobby Garcia?

A.—(1) Awkward style. He is not faster than Terris. (2) McLarnin is too heavy for Graham. (3) French-Canadian, Italian, American, Irish, Mexican-Indian.

P. L., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Jack De Mave, Harold Smith, Vic Burrone, Lee Wedo, Tod Morgan, Sammy Vogel and Morris Meola?

A.—Hollander, Italian, Italian, Italian, Irish, Hebrew, Italian.

J. Klein, New York City.

Q.—Did Babe Herman and Sammy Mandell ever fight at the Pioneer"

A.—Yes.

Gene Golden, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Was Benny Bass ever defeated or knocked out and by whom? (2) How can I get in touch with Eddie Anderson? (3) Did Joe Glick run out of his match with Eddie Anderson? (4) Was Arnold Ryan ever knocked out? (5) What is Eddie Anderson's right name and whom did he defeat in his last start?

A.—(1) Lost to Garcia and Sarmiento. (2) Silver Slipper Cabaret, 48th Street and Broadway. (3) They fought only a few nights ago in Chicago. (4) No. Too tough. (5) Edward Fitzpatrick, Arnold Ryan.

J. L. Smith, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—(1) Who would win between George Godfrey, Tunney or Wills? (2) Could Chick Suggs beat Bud Taylor or the champion of his division? (3) Did Renault and Wills fight on July 30? (4) Did Jack Sharkey and George Godfrey ever meet?

A.—(1) Tunney. (2) Suggs has abandoned the bantam division. (3) No. (4) Yes.

F. R., Washington, D. C.

Q.—(1) Do large feet bother a boxer in his foot work? (2) When in training, what is the best food to eat? (3) Is Johnny (Red) Allen still boxing?

A.—(1) No. (2) The food that agrees with you. (3) No.

Johnny (Kid) Lewis, Philadelphia.

Q.—How can a fighter gain confidence?

A.—Very simple. By whipping opponents.

J. P. B., Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) Where can I learn to box in a gym in Chicago? (2) What causes my thighs to get a tired feeling when I box, and how can I remedy it?

A.—(1) Look up Harry Hochstadter at Jim Mullen's gymnasium. (2) Rope skipping.

T. J. Connors, Pittsfield, Mass.

Q.—Did Jack Kearns ever fight Mysterious Billy Smith?

A.—No.

R. T. Smith, San Lorenzo, Cal.

Q.—Who would win in an elimination contest: Jack Bernstein, Tommy White, Jimmie Goodrich, Eddie Wagner, Benny Valger, Lew Tendler, Rocky Kansas, Benny Leonard and Stanislaus Loayza?

A.—Leonard, if strong at 135 pounds. If not, Loayza.

Reader, Jamaica, L. I.

Q.—Who would win in their prime, figuring fifteen rounds—Jack Dempsey vs. John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson, Frank Slavin, Joe Choynski, Peter Maher, Harry Wills, Joe Kennedy, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Gene Tunney.

A.—Dempsey, Jackson, Slavin, Dempsey, Dempsey, Dempsey, Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Jeffries, Dempsey.

H. Stoller, New York City.

Q.—What must I do to become a fighter?

A.—Fight.

Charley (K. O.) Rubens, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Jack Bonner, Kid Broad and Kid Carter? (2) Who would win in the following bouts: Jimmy McLarnin vs. Benny Bass, Bobby Garcia vs. Bass, Joe Glick vs. Ruby Goldstein? (3) How do you rate the following: Archie Walker, Johnny Green, Benny Bass, Bobby Garcia, Eddie Leonard, Harry Murk, Chubby Brown?

A.—(1) Bonner was born at Summit Hill, Pa., 1874, Scotch descent; Broad born at Cleveland, English descent; Carter born at Chicago, Irish descent. (2) McLarnin, Bass, Glick. (3) Second rater, second, first, third, third, third, fourth.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—What are the inch by inch measurement of the following: John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Luther McCarty?

A.—In their prime—Sullivan, weight, 200; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; reach, 74; neck, 18; chest expanded, 46; chest normal, 42; waist, 36; forearm, 14; biceps, 16; thigh, 27; calf, 16½; wrist, 8; ankle, 10. Fitz—170, 5 feet 11¾ inches; 75¼; 16, 48; 44; 38; 11¾; 14½; 25; 14; 7¼; 9. Jeff—225; 6 feet 1 inch; 76½; 18; 47; 44; 35; 12½; 16; 26½; 17½; 7½; 9½. McCarty—205; 6 feet 1½ inches; 75; 17½; 42½; 39; 36½; 14; 15¼" 26; 16; 7⅞ 9½.

A. Fan, Jamestown, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Eddie Anderson, Floyd Johnson, Billy Vidabeck, Eric Petterson, Knute Hansen, Fred Fulton, Young Stribling, Charley Rosen, Ace Hudkins, Young Bob Fitzsimmons?

A.—Irish, American, German, Swedish, Danish, American, American, Hebrew, Irish, American.

A Reader, Hoboken, N. J.

Q.—(1) I want to increase my weight by the addition of muscles. What shall I do? (2) Shall I eat plenty while doing this?

A.—(1) Muscular development methods decreases weight. Rely on moderate exercise and road work. ((2) Do not overeat.

A Ring Fan, New York City.

Q.—Has Vic Burrone a chance for the title? What is his nationality? Is he a boxer or slugger? Whom has he defeated of any prominence?

A.—Yes. Italian. Slugger. Carl Tremaine and Benny Hall.

Christ Gaston, New York City.

Q.—Who would win in a Phil McGraw-Sammy Mandell bout?

A.—Mandell.

A Reader, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—What is the rating of Ray Long?

A.—He is through.

Howard Mann, New York City.

Q.—(1) Which of the following divisions have the most fighters—fly, bantam, feather, welter, middle, light heavy or heavyweight? (2) How much did Vicentini get for his last fight at the Pioneer?

A.—(1) Featherweight. (2) $70.

H. F. Bin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Q.—(1) How would you rate Chuck Wiggins? (2) Was Jack Dillon a heavyweight? (3) How many times have Wiggins and Harry Greb fought?

A.—(1) Second rater. (2) No. (3) Eight.

Louis Zipperman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who do you think was the greatest heavyweight, light heavyweight, middleweight, welterweight, lightweight, featherweight, bantamweight and flyweight?

A. — Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimons, Tommy Ryan, Joe Walcott, Joe Gans, Abe Attell, George Dixon, Jimmy Wilde.

B. Malone, Schenectady, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Tod Morgan, Tommy Ryan, of McKeesport, Pa.; Eddie Anderson, Georgie Levine and Jack Zivic?

A.—Irish, Italian, Irish, Hebrew, Croatian-American.

George Dallas, New York City.

Q.—When and where did Bob Lawson knock out Jack Johnson and in what round did he turn the trick?

A.—May 30, 1926, Juarez, Mexico, sixth.

Ring Reader, Stamford, Conn.

Q.—(1) Are there any Polish or Russian boxers, and who are they? (2) I am sixteen years old and weigh 135 pounds. Am I too fat to box? (3) How can I get enrolled in amateur boxing?

A.—(1) Not prominent at present. (2) If too fat, your wind would be affected. Try road work. (3) Join nearest club that is a member of the A. A. U.

A Reader, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—(1) Are small wrists a handicap to a boxer? (2) How can they be strengthened?

A.—(1) No. (2) Pulleys and wrist machines.

Irving Broder, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How can I increase my wind?

A.—Road work. Start slowly, jog for a time, end with short sprint.

James Hart, Jr., New Orleans, La.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Jess Willard, Chuck Wiggins, Bud Taylor, Fred Fulton, Young Griffo, Joe Goddard, Frank Slavin, Jim Hall, Dan Creedon, Les Darcy and George Dixon?

A. — American, American, American, American, Australian, Australian, Australian, Australian, Australian, Nova Scotian.

Louis Zipperman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who was the best boxers of all time of Jewish faith in each division? (2) What is the least a bantam receives for his first fight? (3) What exercise develops the hardest punch? (4) How much does a manager get from the fighters, and do all managers receive the same amount? (5) Would a manager like Billy Gibson or Dan Caplin manage a bantam beginner?

A.—(1) Molyneux Choynski, Levinsky, Kid Lewis, Benny Leonard, Abe Attell, Abe Goldstein. (2) $10 a round. (3) Punching the bag. (4) Thirty-three and one-third per cent.; presumably it is the law. (5) If he showed promise.

Byron Wickham, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Q.—(1) What is the quickest way to put muscle and weight on legs? (2) Who would win in a Shade-Stribling fight?

A.—(1) Weight and muscle on legs would tend to slowness. For speed and agility, sprinting, rope skipping, etc. (2) Stribling.

Fellow Scribe, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Was Joe Gans a better all around fighter than Benny Leonard?

A.—Yes.

Inquirer, Bayonne, N. J.

Q.—Please let me have the names of some big matchmakers in the East.

A.—Tom McArdle, Jess McMahon, Joe Jacobs, Guinness and Taylor, Charley Doessereck, Andy Neiderreiter.

A Friend, Newark, N. J.

Q.—What has become of Al Lippe, veteran fight manager?

A.—He is associated with Phil Glassman in Philadelphia. Met up with him several weeks ago. He is entirely recovered from a severe illness.

A. D. H., Scranton, Pa.

Q.—Can Berlenbach whip Harry Wills?

A.—No.

Erskine McIllwaine, Monroe, N. C.

Q.—(1) Where is Battling Nelson now living? (2) Where can I get a writeup, including a round by round report of the Nelson-Ad Wolgast fight? (3) Give list of Nelson's fights after his dethronement and results of same? (4) Who of the following are living—Frank Erne, Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Joe Gans, Willie Ritchie, Freddie Welsh? (5) Who would win the following bouts—Stribling vs. Delaney, Tunney vs. Wills, Grosso vs. Risko, Shade vs. Greb, Kaplan vs. Danny Kramer?

A.—Chicago. (2) In the files of The New York Telegram. (3) 1911—Tommy Gaffney, k. o., 5; Billy Nixon, 10; Tommy Moore, 9; Joseph Spero, 6. Won—Monte Dale, 15; Jack Redmond, 20. Lost—Young Saylor, 12; Pal Moore, 12. No decision—Willie Beecher, 10; George Alger, 6; Frank Loughrey, 10; Louis De Ponthieu, 10; Andy Bezenah, 10; Bobby Wilson, 10; Willy Howard, 10; One Round Hogan, 10. Exhibition—Ned Whitman, 6; Percy Cove, 6. 1912—Won—Young Togo, 6. Draw—Sammy Trott, 15; Steve Ketchel, 15. No decision—Tommy O'Rourke, 10; Andy Bezenah, 12; Mickey McIntyre, 12; Art Stewart, 10; Leach Cross, 10; Teddy Maloney, 6; Jim Bonner, 10; Yanke Schwartz, 8. 1913—Frankie Russell, n. d., 10; Ray Sorenson, n. d., 10; Harry Dillon, k., 10; Joe Burke, n.d., 10; Frank Whitney, n.d., 10; Mike Malone, n.d., 10; Ray Wood, d., 12; Gilbert Gallant, lost, 12; Pat Bradley n.d., 6; Ad Wolgast, n.d., 10. 1914—Cliff Ford, w., 6. 1915—Young Donnelly, k.o., 3; Jimmy Freyer, w., 25; Bobby Waugh, lost, 20; Jimmy Regan, lost, 10. 1923—Dick Hyland, and Phil Salvatore, exhibitions, 3. (4) Erne, Corbett, Ritchie, Welsh. (5) Delaney, Wills, Risko, Greb, Kaplan.

Q.—Is Humbert J. Fugazy one of America's leading fistic promoters, and where can I locate him?

A.—Yes. Forty-fourth floor, Woolworth Building, New York City.

Clifford O'Rourke, New York City.

Q.—How much money did the Catholic Big Sisters Fund get from its show in the new Garden?

A.—Promoter Edward J. Kenny reported a profit of $77,000.

Sidney Turk, Akron, Ohio.

Q.—What was Benny Leonard's way of feinting his opponent?

A.—He used all methods. Usually a motion with left for body to get guard down, and then shoot right to jaw.

James J. White, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Weinert ever fight Firpo? (2) Who fought Firpo in Boyle's Thirty-Acres? (3) Who fought Weinert before he was knocked out by Wills?

A.—(1) Yes, twice. (2) Wills and Willard. (3) Boston Jack Sharkey.

A Subscriber, Archold, Pa.

Q.—(1) Was it a decision or a knockout when Dempsey won the title from Willard? (2) Who was the only man to knock out Jack Johnson? (3) Is Georges Carpentier still boxing?

A.—(1) Dempsey scored knock out in three rounds. (2) Two stopped him—Jess Willard and Bob Lawson. (3) Yes.

Edmund Bailey, Windsor, Vermont.

Q.—(1) How many times did Firpo fight Wills? When, where and results? (2) What was the date of the Demsey-Firpo fight?

A.—(1) Once. 1924, Boyle's Thirty-Acres, Jersey City, received newspaper decision after twelve rounds of mediocre fighting.

G. M. G., Yonkers, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Could Jack Bernstein beat Sammy Mandell for title? (2) Who would give Bernstein the toughest battle?

A.—(1) No. (2) Many most prominent being Ace Hudkins and Phil McGraw.

Reader, Akron, Ohio.

Q.—(1) What punch did Leonard use when he knocked out Tendler in their first fight? (2) Could Terris beat Leonard it they ever met and which is the better boxer?

A.—(1) Leonard did not score kayo. They fought twelve no-decision rounds in Jersey City. Leonard was lucky to escape with his whole skin. (2) No, Leonard.

A Reader, Omaha, Neb.

Q.—Will Archie Sillman take in a fellow who wants to be a boxer? (2) What were the measurements of Joe Gans?

A.—(1) Certainly. (2) Five feet six and one-quarter inches tall, weight 135 pounds.

Harry W. Cupit, Crichton, Ala.

Q.—(1) Where were the following born—Jack McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, Ad Wolgast? (2) When and where did Frank Erne and Kid Lavigne fight, and in what round did Erne kayo Lavigne? (3) Where did Gans fight Nelson when Nelson won the title?

A.—(1) Cork, Ireland; May City, Mich.; Cadillac, Mich. (2) July 23, 1899, Buffalo; bout went limit of twenty rounds and the decision was awarned to Erne. (3) San Francisco, July 4, 1908.

Julius Romani, Livermore, Cal.

Q.—(1) How was Corbett rated among the old time heavyweights? (2) Who did he kayo and how many kayo's has he to his credit? (3) What was Jack Dempsey's birth name?

A.—(1) Greatest of all defensive boxers. (2) Sullivan, Mitchell, Welsh, Courtney, McCoy (latter fake); five. (3) William Harrison Dempsey.

Wilbur Taylor, Huntington, W. Va.

Q.—(1) When and where did Joe Gans die? (2) What is the date of the Arthur Pelkey-Luther McCarty bout? (3) What was Terry McGovern's best blow? Did he really knock out Gans in 1900?

A.—(1) Phoenix, Ariz., 1910. (2) May 24, 1913. (3) Right to body. No. Fake. Killed boxing in Chicago.

Two Readers of THE RING, Harrisburg, Pa.

Q.—Was Tommy West a native of Cardiff, Wales, or an Irishman from Hoboken, N. J.?

A.—Cardiff, Wales.

Oscar Pozzoboni, New York City.

Q.—(1) Was Paddy Ryan champion of America, what year? (2) What was the nationality of Joe Thomas? (3) Was there ever a fighter by the name of Kid Casey in the Navy?

A.—(1) Yes. June 21, 1880 to Feb. 7, 1882. (2) Irish-American. (3) Not prominent.

E. A. Monroe, Mobile, Ala.

Q.—(1) How many rounds did it take Sullivan to knock out Paddy Ryan for the championship? (2) What was the date of the final bout of the lightweight elimination tournament won by Jack McAuliffe in 1885? (3) What was the date of McAuliffe's retirement as champion? (4) What are the heights of Kid Lavigne, Ad Wolgast and Willie Ritchie?

A.—(1) Ryan quit under punishment at the end of the ninth round. (2) There were two tournaments—March 28 and April 15. (3) 1896. (4) Five feet three and one-half inches, five feet four and three-quarter inches, five feet five and one-quarter inches.

Lee Sampson, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Q.—What is Young Griffo's record?

A.—Cleverest defensive boxer in featherweight class. Never held any title.

Robert Stinson, Fargo, N. D.

Q.—Who are the five hardest hitters for their weights that ever entered the ring?

A.—Jimmy Barry, McGovern, Gans, Ketchel, Delaney, Fitz, Dempsey.

George Wallace, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who would win in a Tunney-Wills bout? (2) Will Dempsey ever fight again? (3) What is the record of Harry Fuller.

A.—(1) Wills. (2) Problematical. (3) Never heard of him.

Charles Mather, New York City.

Q.—Did Bob Armstrong ever beat Jim Jeffries?

A.—Yes.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Just Among Ourselves

PRAISES JUNE ISSUE

"Please find enclosed check for $1.50 for one years subscription.

"I think that the June issue is especially good, particularly of interest is that account of the 'Ring' and the origin of a very appropriate name for your splendid publication. I hope that you will see fit to give us more about this very interesting lady promoter's good work.

"Under the heading of 'Just Among Ourselves' there appears a criticism of Mr. Gallagher's letter, which appeared in the April number. Mr. Chas. Brier of San Bernardino, Calif., takes issue with Mr. Gallagher on his being enthused over the records of James J. Jefferies.

"The brief review made by Mr. Brier seems to present the facts as to dates of the bouts, and the ages of the participants. However, in referring to the famous Jefferies-Fitzsimmons fight, it should be remembered that although 37 years old, Fitz was at the zenith of his success, brim full of confidence and had the following of leading sportsmen, few of whom figured that Jeff would win over the old master of craftiness and skill, with a deadly punch always handy. On the night of that fight, odds of 10 to 1 and even some at 20 to 5 were to be had, and yet the discrepancy in years was supposed to be against Fitz.

"Then again, take the bout of Jeff and that whirlwind of fighting Irish muscle and bone, Tom Sharkey, Mr. Brier states Jeff could not stop Sharkey—not in the time specified by Queensberry Rules perhaps, but be it remembered, that was about the last top notch fight made by the redoubtable Sharkey.

"The June issue gives a good account of some incidents following this bout, which goes further to show the wisdom of George Siler in giving the decision to Jefferies, and of how Dr. Erdman, on making examination of Sharkey's condition, marvelled at the physical make up and constitution of the sailor, and said that never before had he seen a human being survive so terrific a battering!"

J. A. McVEY.
Berkeley, Calif.

* * * *

GANS BETTER THAN LEONARD

"I have taken the Police Gazette for 25 years until your magazine came out and haven't missed a number since and I quit the Gazette. The Ring is the best and only sporting book printed. Regarding a recent letter on the merits of Gans and Leonard.

I think Gans could have stopped Benny any time he wanted to as the men Leonard fought, White, Kansas, Welch, Tendler, were nothing along side of Lavigne, Nelson, Britt, McFadden and others. Nelson could have knocked Leonard out, Lavigne would have murdered Leonard. All these boys made 133 ring side and didn't have any home state commissioners to raise the weight to 135 at 2 o'clock. Leonard could never make 135 ringside since he left the preliminary ranks.

"I would pick Jackson for heavyweight, Fitzsimmons for light heavy, Fitxsimmons for middleweight (he could make either weight) Tommy Ryan, welter; Joe Gans, light; Jem Driscoll, feather; Jimmy Barry, bantam; Jimmy Wilde, flyweight. Fitz was the greatest fighter who ever lived.

"I don't see how Jack Curley could pick Willard who knew nothing at all about the game.

R. A. Allen, Chicago, Ill.

* * * *

BEG YOUR MOST HUMBLE PARDON

I noticed in your Question Box of the September issue of The Ring that Francis Albertanti named Johnny Vacca as the flyweight champion of New England. As a matter of fact, Vacca is an overgrown bantam, and never boxed professionally as a flyweight. Harry Goldstein is the undisputed flyweight champion of New England and has been for the past year and half.

JIM E. TOLAND,
128 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

* * * *

WE STAND CORRECTED

I am kindly calling you attention to a correction in your Question Box regarding Francis Albertanti's inability to recollect if there were any draws in New York State pertaining to championship bouts. If memory serves me well the Jack Britton-Dave Shade encounter, fifteen rounds, was called a draw in 1922 in the old Madison Square Garden.

JACK GREBELSKY,
2125 Clinton Avenue, The Bronx, New York.

* * * *

GIVES HIS OPINION

Enjoyed the September issue immensely. Believe it the best one yet.

May I have the opportunity of objecting to a statement made in the Question Box by Francis Albertanti?

Mr. Albertanti and I have agreed on most things but in the September issue he said that Jack Delaney could beat Young Stribling without half trying. Also that Delaney could beat Tunney. It seems that Delaney's popularity is causing people to lose sight of their sound judgment. I like Delaney, make no mistake about that, but I am frank to say that he would do well to beat the Georgia Flash, and that as sure as you're alive he would succumb to Gentleman Gene.

Stribling's defeat by Berlenbach undoubtedly had much to do with the former statement made by Mr. Albertanti. This can be largely accounted for when you consider that Stribling fought John Risko, a man who decisively defeated Berlenbach, just a short while before taking on the "Astoria Assassin." Be that as it may, Delaney has also been censured for bad showing, once against Jackie Clark and twice against Jimmy Slattery. If Stribling had fought Berly as many times as Delaney, the decision would in all probability have been different. Stribling has mowed down a good bunch of lightheavies and heavies and it is my opinion that, with proper handling, he can be champion in his class.

As to the latter statement, I am thoroughly convinced that the "Sharp Shooting Canadian" would fall helpless before the "Fighting Marine." Tunney has studied his profession as much as any doctor or lawyer has studies his, and is one of the few fighters that are physical culturists.

I hope I am not intruding when I ask that you publish this letter, and may I say again that Delaney is one of my favorite fighters. I have a large photo of him framed, hanging in my room.

ERSKINE McILWAINE.
Monroe, S. C.

* * * *

TAKES ISSUE WITH READER

"I am a subscriber to The Ring and devour the contents from cover to cover. I am acquainted with boxing and boxers of the past and present. I read a letter published in the September issue in 'Just Among Ourselves' sent by Samuel Becker. In his letter there are some of his opinions that must be dissected. 'Who would win, Gans or Leonard?' According to past performances, Gans was in a class by himself and I am sure Leonard would not last three rounds. There is no comparison.

"Mr. Becker also names Bat Nelson, Jimmy Britt, Kid Herman and other small fry as Gans best opponents. He also lays stress on the fact that it took Gans 42 rounds to beat Nelson. Doesn't Mr. Becker know that Gans had to make weight by order of Billy Nolan and that weakened Gans, who was in he last stages of T. B.? Gans won from such men as Jack Blackburn, Elbows McFadden, Frank Erne, Dal Hawkins and many others.

"Leonard was a good champion. I admire him, but he should not be classed with Gans, 'The Old Master.' I am a white man and Gans was colored, but I still contend that no lightweight could ever beat his record."

WALTER DICKIE.
Patchogue, N. Y.

* * * *

DEFENDS PETER JACKSON

"As I am a lover of the boxing game and have read and saved every Ring magazine for the last five years, I would like to send you a few interesting things of Peter Jackson, our greatest of all heavyweights. Things that I scraped up from old-timers who have spoken to and seen Jackson fight.

"In the first place, Jackson feared no man and was feared by every boxer in his day. Sullivan would not fight him and used the worst alibi a fighter could use, saying he drew the color line. If this was so, why did he want to fight Jackson a private knuckle fight? So that no one could see him get a good licking, I presume. Jackson wanted to show the public that he could beat Sullivan. Jackson whipped every fighter that Sullivan dodged. Jackson never lost a fight until he was 38 years old. Jackson was the greatest heavyweight of all time."

BEN TALERICO.
Bradford, Pa.

* * * *

A BOOST FOR JIM CORBETT

I HAVE read The Ring for two years. It is on a plane by itself as an absorbing magazine on boxing. I think that the series on "The Greatest Heavyweight" is the most interesting topic of all. However, I also think that Jim Corbett has been rather neglected in this series.

Corbett was a natural fighter. His was a fighting spirit. Corbett was not as rugged or heavily built as most of his greatest opponents, for instance, Jeffries, Sullivan and Jackson. But Corbett's unlimited courage and science made up for his lack of brawn. In my mind Corbett was the gamest of them all. It seems that many fans regard Corbett as a great boxer—minus the punch. I don't think that Sullivan, although perhaps out of shape, would have fallen before light punches. Also, I do not think that any fighter minus the punch could fight a 61-round draw with Peter Jackson. And although not built for taking a great deal of punishment, Corbett took it.

I am not trying to say that Corbett was the greatest heavyweight. I would not try to say that any man was the greatest. But I will say this, that Corbett should be rated with the very best.

As to a suggestion. I think that many of the readers would certainly like to have a good story of the Corbett-Jackson affair and why it was declared a draw at the end of the sixty-first round. Also something about Luther McCarthy, who at the time of his untimely death showed real championship class.

A SUBSCRIBER.

* * * *

CORBETT IS HIS IDEAL

IT is a pleasure indeed to read your wonderful magazine, and it is a pity that you only publish it every month instead of every week. I take great pleasure in congratulating you for your fine service.

As you ask your readers our opinion regarding as to who was the greatest heavyweight we ever had. Without any hesitation I pick Jim Corbett. I am referring, of course, to the Corbett that knocked John L. Sullivan out—he was in his prime then! When the famous Ruby Robert knocked him out he had been out of the ring for two years, and despite that he outboxed the Cornishman all throughout the fight, until Fitzsimmons uncorked his famous shift to the solar plexus, and then he almost regained his title from Jim Jeffries, at an age at which most fighters are practically through.

Gentleman Jim was the fastest heavyweight that ever stepped into the ring, he was game, a smart ring general, although never a knockout puncher, he was a punishing hitter, and above everything he possessed PERSONALITY.

POMP ROMERO.
2740 Conti Street, New Orleans, La.

* * * *

CONGRATULATES THE RING

"I wish to congratulate you on the splendidness, originality and up-to-the-minute news of the November RING.

You certainly had some wonderful stories on heavyweights of the past and present and all in all I think the magazine was the best boxing book I have ever seen in my long experience in the fight game.

HUGH SHANNON.

* * * *

FROM PEGU, BURMA

BEING advised by an American friend that your magazine entitled, the "RING" is the foremost boxing magazine in the world, I have much pleasure in requesting you to enter my name as one of your subscribers.

"Boxing in Burma is much in its infancy, but many boxing enthusiasts are trying hard to foster it. The Eurasian boys are keen for it, and it is hoped that publications such as The Ring will stimulate the interest.

JOHN GONZALES,
Pegu, Burma.

* * * *

PRAISES RING TOPICS

"I am writing you to let you know that I enjoy reading your magazine very much. I do not see where you could make any improvement in it as you seem to have all the best topics of the game both past and present.

"I was very much interested in the series of 'Training and Exercises' you published last winter, especially those by James J. Corbett and William Muldoon, but I would like to see an article on this by Kid McCoy as I understand he is a keen student of physical culture and he should be able to write a very interesting statement on this.

"I also like the Question Box by Francis Albertanti.

WM. JONES, Newport, N. S., Canada.

Ralph "NISH" Krikorian

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